SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG.
PS. 149

# THE NEW SONG

No. 1

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY

GEO. F. ROSCHE

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE

# NEW SONG;

FOR THE

## SUNDAY SCHOOL,

## SOCIETIES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR,

AND

## Other Religious Exercises.

BY

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in His sanctuary: praise Him in the firmament of His power.

Praise Him for His mighty acts: praise Him according to His excellent greatness.

Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet: praise Him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise Him with the timbrel and dance: praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise Him upon the loud cymbals: praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.—*Ps. CL.*

# THE NEW SONG.

## No. 1. The New Song.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. B. CAMPBELL.

1. There is a bliss-ful home a-bove, Where Christ, the Lord doth reign,
2. While cumber'd with the cares and strife That vex us as we roam,
3. Then to his arms for rest we'll flee, And pray for grace each day,

Where all is peace and joy and love, Nor en - ters grief or pain.
How oft we think of heav'n - ly life And long for yon-der home.
And that we all His face may see When storms have pass'd a - way.

Where friends u - nite to part no more, And songs of joy a - bide;
And when the storms so fierce - ly beat, And earth seems dark and drear,
And in that bliss-ful home a - bove The sweet "*New Song*" we'd sing,

On Canaan's bright and hap - py shore, Be - yond death's swelling tide.
How bless - ed is our sure Re - treat; Christ ban-ish - es our fear.
The song of His re - deem-ing love, And wor-ship Christ, our King.

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# No. 2. Singing for Jesus.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sing-ing for Je-sus, Sav-ior and King, Swelling high your voices
2. Sing-ing for Je-sus, swell, swell the song, Lift-ing high his banner
3. Sing-ing for Je-sus, all the way thro' Work-ing for the Master,

let the ech-oes ring, Sing of his mer-cy, sing of his love,
as we march a-long, Nev-er dis-cour-aged batt-'ling for right
ev-er to him true, March-ing with cour-age strong in the Lord,

CHORUS.

Of his bless-ed home a-bove. "Glo-ry be to Je-sus,"
We shall con-quer in his might.
Guid-ed by his Ho-ly Word.

an-gels sweetly sing, Glo-ry be to Je-sus, Might-y Sav-ior, King!

Ring out his prais-es, join earth and sky, Glo-ry be to God on high.

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# No. 3. Lord, Teach our Hands to War.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. Geo. F. Rosche.

1. Lord, teach our hands to war, And keep our cour - age strong,
2. O, Je - sus! lead the van, And we will fol - low on,
3. Come, doubt-ing ones, de - cide! Come, join our Chris - tian band!

Great hosts of Sin op - pose our steps, The way is steep and long.
Through hardest toil and wild - est strife, We'll tread where Thou hast gone.
We're marching thro' the Wil - der - ness, To bliss - ful Canaan's land.

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Chorus.

March on,..... march on!..... We're bound for Canaan's shore;
March on, march on!

In Je - sus' name we'll win our way, Then rest, for - ev - er more.

# No. 4. Christian Joy.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. Geo. F. Rosche.

1. In the morn-ing, when the light is dawn-ing, And the lark his car-ol clear is trill-ing, I re-joice with ev-'ry crea-ture liv-ing, Chant-ing glad-dest songs of Chris-tian joy.
2. With the sun at noon in glo-ry shin-ing, E-ven sad-dest hearts should cease re-pin-ing, As they con-tem-plate the care un-fail-ing, That pro-vid-eth sun-light for the soul.
3. When be-hind the "gates of gold," re-tir-ing, Day-light yields the sway to night in-spir-ing, Up a-bove I turn my gaze ad-mir-ing, And re-flect on Heaven's end-less day.

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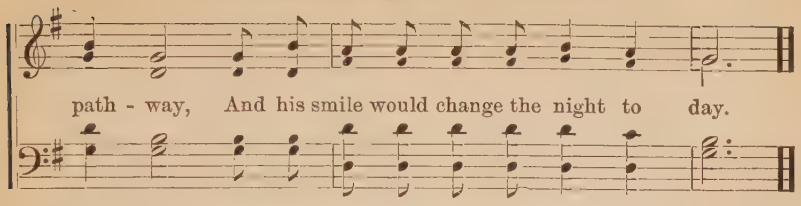
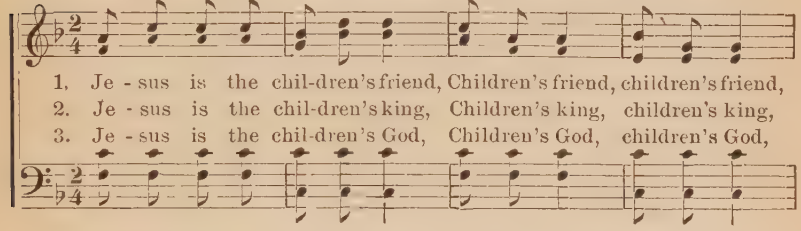
Chorus.

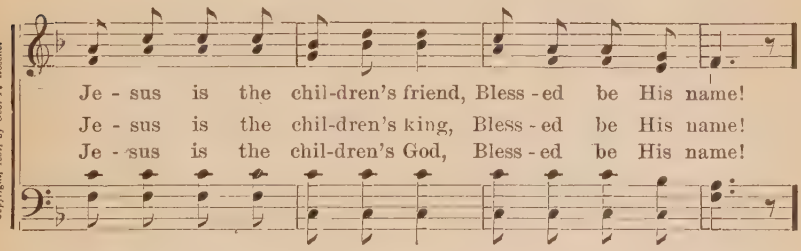
Oh, the sun that lights my soul, sets nev-er, And no shad-ow can his rays e'er cov-er; 'Tis my Father's face illumes my




## No. 5. The Children's Friend.

Wm. APPEL. (For the Little Ones.) GEO. F. ROSCHE.

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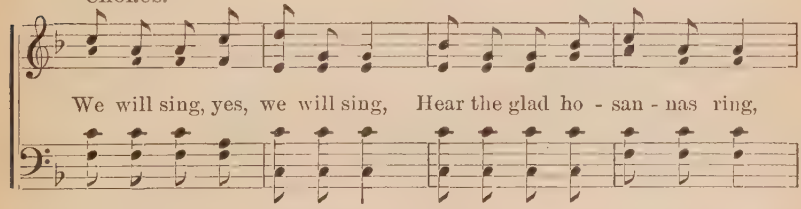
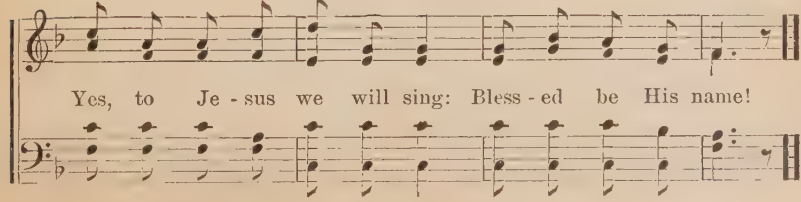
CHORUS.



# No. 6. Will You Stand up for Jesus?

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford, D. D. W. A. Ogden.

1. Will you stand up for Je - sus? Will you stand in His might?
2. Will you stand up for Je - sus With a heart that is true?
3. Will you stand up for Je - sus Till the con - flict is o'er?

Will you gird on His ar - mor, and be first in the fight?
Will you stand up for Je - sus, who hath borne much for you?
Till the bu - gle is sound-ing in your hear-ing no more?

Will you trust in His prom - ise? Shall His strength make you strong?
Will you trust in His mer - cy? In His strength be made strong?
Till the dawn of the morn - ing Meets in tri - umph your eyes?

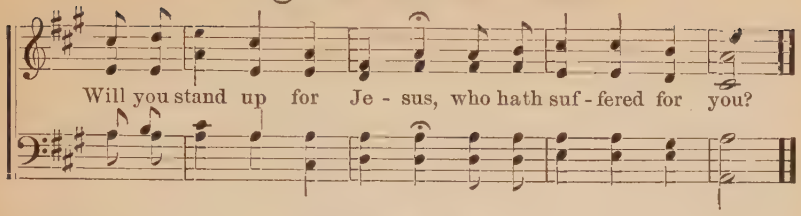
Shall the dear name of Je - sus be your watch-word and song?
Shall the dear name of Je - sus be your watch-word and song?
And the pæ - ans of vic - t'ry sound a - loud in the skies?

Chorus.

Will you stand, will you stand With a heart firm and true?

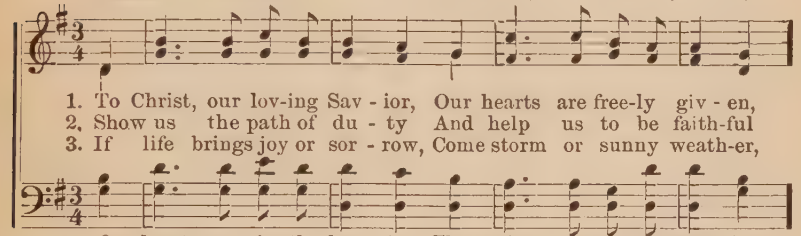
By per. W. A. Ogden.

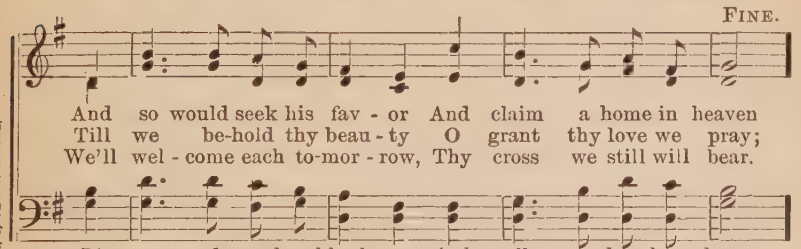
# Will You Stand—Concluded.

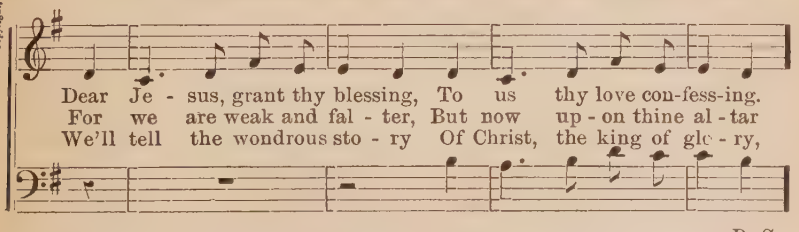


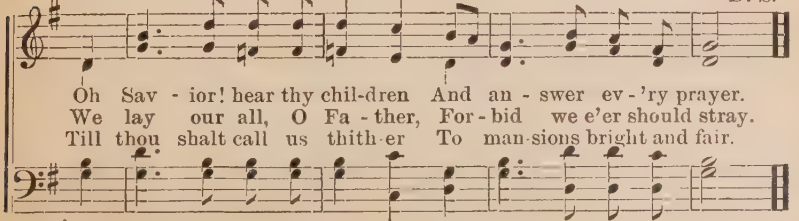

## No. 7. Our Prayer.

LAURA E. NEWELL. Mrs. A. M. ROSCHE-GILLAM.

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# No. 8. The Stranger at the Door.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. Geo. F. Roschè.

1. Some one's knock-ing at the door; Let him in! let him in! Knock-ing as none knocked be-fore; Let him in! let him in! Soul, 'tis Je-sus! don't de-lay, Hast-en! for he may not stay. May not long for entrance pray, Let him in! let him in!
2. Hear him! call-ing, soft and low; Let him in! let him in! Breath-ing love that pass-eth show; Let him in! let him in! Joy he brings be-yond com-pare, Heav'n-ly draughts with thee will share; Soul, why stand de-bat-ing there? Let him in! let him in!
3. Sad-ly he has tar-ried long; Let him in! let him in! Christ! the theme of an-gels' song; Let him in! let him in! Let him in! the King-ly Guest, He will make thee tru-ly blest, Give thee ev-er-last-ing rest; Let him in! let him in!

Let him in!

Let him in!

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# No. 9. Gladly Do We Gather.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. W. A. Ogden.

1. Glad - ly do we gath - er, with teach - ers and com - rades, To stud - y God's Word, and sing praise to his Name; Hearts beat with pleas - ure, and fac - es are smil - ing, In - spired with af- fec - tion, that fear-eth no blame. Glo - ry to the Fa-ther, Cre- a - tor, Al-might-y, Praise be to the Spir - it, and Je-sus our Lord.

2. Help us, heav'nly Fa - ther, to heed well the les - sons, Our teach-ers, for thy sake, so free - ly im - part; May we re- pay them, with lov - ing at - ten - tion, And ne'er from the path-way of Wis-dom de - part.

3. Bless - ed be our meet - ing, dear Sav - ior of chil - dren, Oh! give us the mind that dwells rich - ly in thee; Bind us in -bonds that the world can - not sev - er, For thy ser - vants on - ly, in spir - it are free.

Refrain.

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# No. 10. As We go Marching Home.

LAWRENCE W. SCOTT. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The bells of heav'n are ring-ing,
2. The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The light of heav'n is shin-ing,
3. The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The harps of heav'n are play-ing,

As we go marching home, As we go marching home.
As we go marching home, As we go marching home.
As we go marching home, As we go marching home.

The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The choirs of heav'n are sing - ing,
The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The shade of night's de - clin - ing,
The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The heirs of heav'n are pray - ing,

The pearl - y gates are swing - ing, As we go marching home.
The clouds have sil-ver lin - ing, As we go marching home.
To God their homage pay - ing, As we go marching home.

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# No. 11. Let Us Work for Jesus.

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. A. WEISS.

1. Let us work for Je - sus, He's a friend so true (so true),
2. Let us glad - ly la - bor, Ser-vice true we'd give (we'd give)
3. Let us strive to res - cue Those who by the way (the way),
4. Let us live for Je - sus, And when cares are past (are past),

Lov - ing - ly He's call - ing, Call - ing me and you (and you).
Cheer-ful - ly to Je - sus; La - bor while we live (we live).
Yield to sad temp-ta - tion, And in sin may stray (may stray).
Reign with Him in glo - ry, With the Lord at last ( at last).

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CHORUS.

La-bor for Christ..... to - day. He is the Truth,..... the Way.
for Christ the Truth,

Look un-to Him..... for aid, Ne'er shalt thou be dis-mayed.....
to Him dismayed.

No. 12.

# Book of Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. No book like the Bi - ble, inspired from a - bove, No book like the
2. No book like the Bi - ble, with com-fort re - plete, Each soul-cheering
3. O help us, dear Fa-ther, to walk in its light, That keeps us from

Bi - ble, God's mes-sage of love; Its pa - ges of wis-dom how
promise, how pre - cious and sweet; It tells of a Sav-ior, and
e - vil, and leads us a - right; To treas-ure the wis-dom its

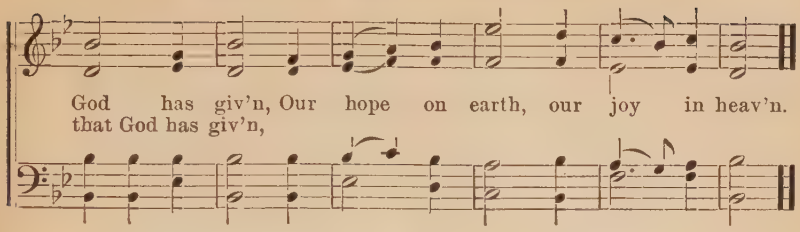
bright-ly they shine, Its truth is e - ter - nal, its language di - vine.
shows us the way, To realms that are fade - less and brighter than day.
pa - ges un - fold, A wis-dom more pre-cious than sil - ver or gold.

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. DOANE. By per.

CHORUS.

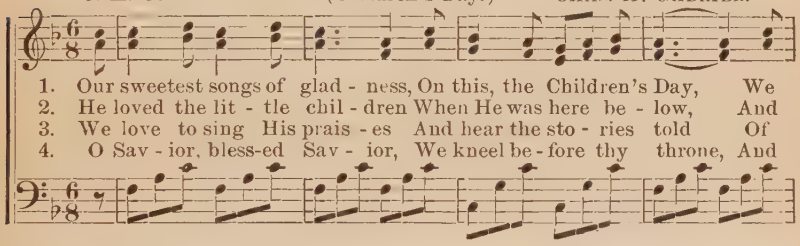
Dear book of Life, we cling to thee, Our guide, our
Dear book of Life, we cling to thee, Our guide, our

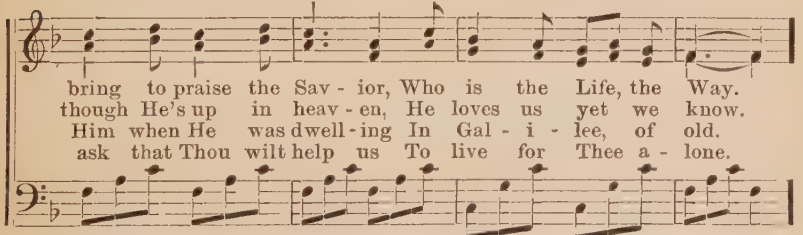
chart, on life's dark sea; Dear book of Life, that
chart, on life's dark sea; Dear book of Life,




## No. 13. Our King.

C. H. G. (Children's Day.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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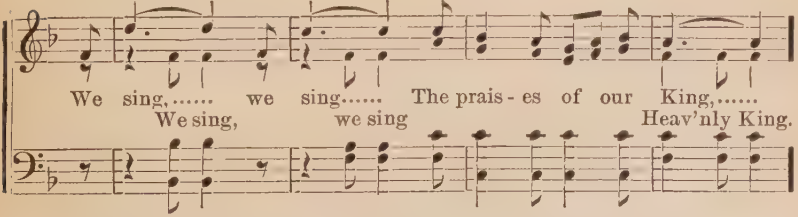
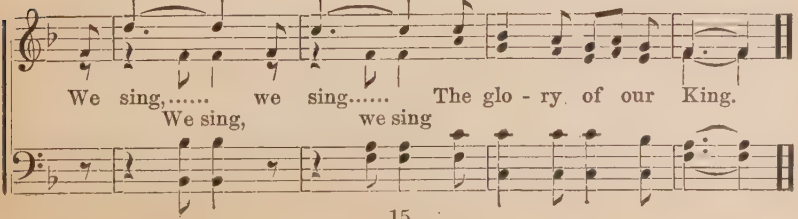
REFRAIN.



# No. 14. The Sunday School Army.

Rev. W. F. Cosner. R. A. Glenn.

*Marching time.*

1. O Come, we are march-ing to Zi - on, The Sun-day School
2. We'll cheer-ful - ly fol - low our Cap - tain, His spir - it our
3. In Zi - on, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, Our ar - mour we

arm-y are we, We fear not the foes that op-press us, For
strength will re-new, We'll do with our might, at His bid - ing, What
soon shall lay down. All those who prove true to the Mas - ter, Shall

Chorus.

Je - sus our cap - tain will be. We are march - ing to
ev - er our hands find to do.
each wear a robe and a crown. We are marching, march-ing

Zi - on, That beau-ti-ful land of the blest, Yes, with
on to Zi - on, Hal - le-lu - jah!

song, and with joy, We are marching to the land of rest.
Yes, with song, and with joy,

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# No. 15. Go Forth in Jesus' Spirit.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. Geo. F. Rosche.

1. Go forth in Je - sus' spir - it, De - vot - ed, pa - tient, mild;
2. Like doves, be gen-tle, harm-less, And sin's approaches flee,
3. Not one harsh word of an - ger Our Lord to sin - ners spake;

No soul shall life in - her - it, Save as a lit - tle child;
Be wise and watch-ful al - ways, The Ser-pent's wiles to see:
His pit - y prov'd far stron - ger, Their hearts of stone, to break:

Thy pride, which bringeth tor - ment, For ev - er - more re - sign,
Judge not, but love thy broth - er, Thy love his soul may save;
Go forth in Je - sus' spir - it, Ful - fill his high be - hest,—

And don the spot - less gar - ment Of char - i - ty di - vine.
We must for - give each - oth - er, As Christ our sins for - gave.
His love thy on - ly mer - it,— And leave to God the rest.

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# No. 16. Whate'er thou Sowest, thou must Reap.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. What-e'er thou sow-est, thou must reap, Then sow in right-eous - ness,
2. All seeds that fall from out thy hand, For good or ill must grow,
3. Then sow in hope and look a - bove, To him who reads thy heart,

If thou thy ground dost faith-ful keep, Thy Lord the yield will bless.
And spread their roots thro' all the land Wid - er than thou canst know;
And marks, for thee, thy path in love, He'll strength to thee im - part.

And fair the har - vest fields shall be, 'Neath glad, re-fresh - ing rain,
Once sown, they can - not i - dly lie, But in - to life they spring;
And day by day his care will bless, What-ev - er thou dost sow,

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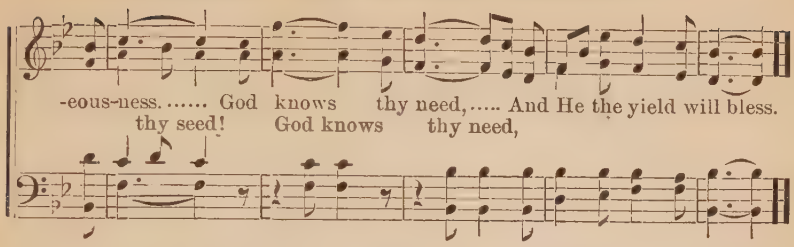
And sun-light fall - ing wide and free Shall wave thy ripening grain.
And as the days and weeks go by, Each of its kind will bring.
In truth's clear light, in right-eous-ness, For all the world 'twill grow.

REFRAIN.

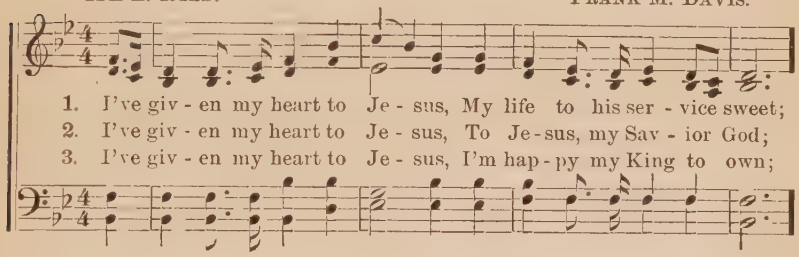
Then sow with hope, and trust, thy seed, And sow in right-
Then sow with hope, and trust, thy seed,

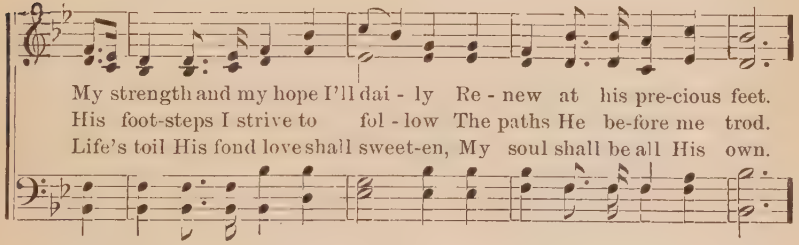
# Whate'er thou Sowest—Concluded.




## No. 17. I've Given My Heart to Jesus.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

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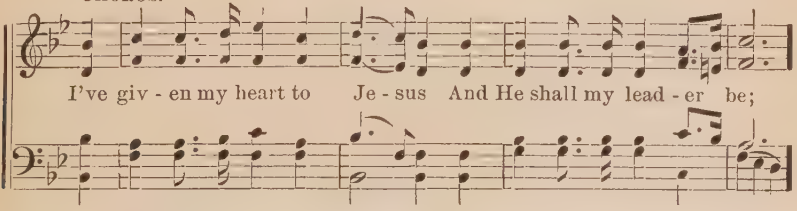
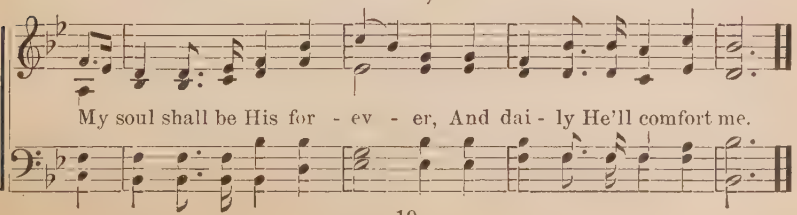
CHORUS.



# No. 18. Proclaim the Gospel Tidings.

LAURA E. NEWELL. W. H. EISELE.

1. Pro - claim the gos-pel ti - dings, Till all the world shall hear
2. Pro - claim the gos-pel ti - dings, To na-tions send a - far.
3. Pro - claim the gos-pel ti - dings Of Je - sus and His love.

Of Christ, our blest Re - deem - er, Pro - claim Him far and near;
The mes - sage of the king - dom, Of Christ, the Morning Star.
And lead the ones who wan - der, To Christ, and faithful prove;

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Tell of the low-ly man - ger, Go tell of Cal - va - ry;
Tell those who in the dark - ness Are wait - ing for the light,
Till all life's days are end - ed, Pro-claim the ti-dings sweet;

Christ lived and died to save us, He sets the bondmen free.
That Je - sus Christ our Sav - ior, Would save them by his might.
At last with-in His man-sions, The Mas-ter you shall meet.

# No. 19. Heaven, the Beautiful.

Mrs. Adaline H. Beery. Alfred Beirly.

1. O man - sions of beau - ty in heav - en, Whose walls are of jas-per and gold! O riv - ers and foun-tains of crys - tal, Whose mu - sic will nev - er grow old!
2. O gar - dens where an - gels are stray - ing, O trees with your fruitage and bloom! O breez - es that blow your sweet cool - ness, O flow - ers so rich with per - fume!
3. O Sav - ior, who dwell - est in heav - en, More fair than all heav-en's de - light, We long for thy pres-ence most glo - rious, For - ev - er to live in thy light!

Chorus.

O home of the bless - ed, So shin - ing and fair!..... We long..... to be-hold thee, And dwell 'mid thy hap-pi-ness there!
O home of the bless - ed, So shining and fair, so fair!
We long

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# No. 20. Hinder not the Children.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. Alfred Beirly.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Lov-ing hands to Je - sus led;
2. As his lambs the Shepherd watches, And pro-tects from ev-'ry harm;
3. Let us then like lov-ing chil-dren, To the dear Re-deem-er go,

In his arms he took and blessed them, And to those a - bout him said:
So, a - round his lit - tle chil - dren Je - sus throws his shielding arm.
Fear-less, trusting to his guid-ing, All our jour - ney here be - low.

Chorus.

Hin - der not the lit - tle chil - dren, Suf - fer
Hin - der not the lit-tle children,

them to come to me, Such a - lone, ..... my Father's
come to me, Such a-lone,

king - dom, And his glo - rious face shall see.
my Fa-ther's kingdom,

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# No. 21. Wonderful Savior!

H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. Down thro' the cen-tu-ries old - en, Sweet-er as a - ges roll on,
2. Ti-dings of joy to all peo - ple An - gels de-light-ed to bring;
3. "Ly - ing in Bethlehem's Man-ger" This is the heav - en - ly sign,

Comes the glad song of the an - gels, Prais-ing the In - car - nate Son.
"Born in the cit - y of Da - vid, Je - sus, your Sav-ior and King;"
Come, let us now with the an - gels Wor-ship the In - fant Di - vine.

CHORUS.

Won - der-ful Sav - ior! Won - der-ful Sav-ior!
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav - ior! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior!

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, The Christ is come.

Copyright, 1890, by H. W. FAIRBANK. By per.

# No. 22. Jesus, Name of all names Dearest.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior. By per.

1. Je-sus, Name of all names dearest, Precious fount of life di - vine;
2. Je-sus, bruis'd for our transgressions, Smitten with the mocking reed;
3. Je-sus, clothed in pur - ple rai-ment, On His brow the crown of thorn;
4. Je-sus, now in that glad cit - y, Is the Lamb a-dored by all;

Je - sus, Well of peace se - ren - est, Sweetest draughts therefrom are mine.
For us mak - ing in - ter - ces-sion, Tell-ing there our ev - 'ry need.
For our sins He made the payment, All my sor - rows He hath borne.
Saints and an - gels chant His prais-es, And be - fore Him myr-iads fall.

Chorus.

Je - sus loves us, Je - sus loves us, Pre-cious Lord of heav'n a-bove;

Je - sus loves us, Je - sus loves us, Oh, the rich - es of His love!

# No. 23. Trusting Jesus.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford, D. D. W. A. Ogden.

1. Trust - ing in the lov - ing Sav - ior, Trusting in His grace,
2. Trust - ing in the lov - ing Sav - ior, When the skies are bright;
3. Trust - ing in the lov - ing Sav - ior, Trust-ing ev - 'ry day,
4. Trust - ing in the lov - ing Sav - ior, Till the hour is nigh

Trust - ing in the lov-ing kind - ness Beam-ing from His face.
Trust - ing Him a - mid the dark - ness And the gloom-y night.
With my Sav-ior close be - side me Walk - ing all the way.
When the last of earth-ly vis - ions Fades be - fore the eye.

By Per. W. A. OGDEN.

Refrain.

Trust - ing, shade or shine, Je - sus, Lord di - vine,
Trusting Je-sus in the shade or shine, Trusting Je-sus, Lord of all di-vine,

Trust - ing, trust - ing, O soul of mine.
Trusting Je - sus, trust-ing Je - sus, O soul, O soul of mine.

# No. 24. The Kingdom of Heaven within.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. A. Beirly.

1. While I muse in ho - ly rap-ture, Pray-ing: Lord, thy kingdom come!
2. All the thrilling Bi - ble sto - ry, Shin-ing hosts, and crys-tal sea,
3. Not a thought of earth-ly pas-sion, No de - sire or wish im - pure,
4. Chris-tian sol-diers! on to con-quest; Quell the rag-ing hosts with-in,

Heav'n is not a far off coun-try, But in-vades my heart and home,
Blaz-ing "Great white Throne" of glory, By the eye of faith I see.
Not a cloud ob-scures my vis - ion, Nor dis-turbs my peace se - cure.
In your hearts set up God's king-dom, Nev-er yield the palm to Sin.

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Chorus.

Thy kingdom come, within my heart, Oh! reign there King of kings divine,

Yea! come Lord Je - sus ne'er de-part, Thou Sav - ior mine.

# No. 25. Jewels for Jesus.

Rev. W. F. Cosmer. R. A. Glenn.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of the Fa-ther. Giv-en in his word di-vine;
2. When He gath-ers up His jew-els, Ev-'ry bright and pre-cious gem,
3. Would you be a star in glo-ry, In the Sav-ior's king-dom shine;

Pledge of nev-er-fail-ing mer-cy, Those who love Me shall be Mine.
Then shall shine in realms of glo-ry, Stars in Je-sus' di-a-dem.
Trust in him, it is His prom-ise, Those who love Me shall be Mine.

Chorus.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, For his pre-cious love di-vine;
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, For his pre-cious love di-vine;

When He gath-ers up His jew-els, May I with the ran-somed shine.
When He gathers up His jew-els.

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# No. 26. Trusting in the Master.

L. B. MITCHELL. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. We'll sow the seeds of kind - ness in the blush of morn;
2. We'll sow our seeds of kind - ness when the sun is high;
3. We'll sow our seeds of kind - ness till the eve doth come,

Trust - ing in the Mas - ter, And kind-ly tend the plants the pass - er -
Trust - ing in the Mas - ter, We hope to reach by love each wea - ry
Trust - ing in the Mas - ter, And bring our sheaves rejoicing to the

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CHORUS.

by might scorn, Trust-ing in the Mas - ter. Trust - ing,
pass - er - by, Trust-ing in the Mas - ter.
har - vest home, Trust-ing in the Mas - ter. Trust-ing, trust-ing,

trust - ing, Trust - ing day by day,.....
ev - er trust - ing, Trust - ing, trust - ing day by day,

Trust - ing, trust - ing, Trust-ing in the Mas - ter.
Trust-ing, trust-ing, ev - er trust-ing,

# No. 27. Tell it to Jesus.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tell it to Je - sus— all of thy sor - row, All of thy
2. Tell it to Je - sus, He is thy Sav - ior, Tell it, and
3. Tell it to Je - sus When the dark bil - lows Rise to thy

*f.*

cares what e'er they be, Sure - ly and sweet - ly, He will de-
His sal - va - tion see; Do not de - ny Him, do not de-
view, on death's dark sea; Tell it be - liev - ing, tell it re-

D. S. *On - ly be - lieve Him, trust and re-*

*Fine.*

liv - er, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.
fy Him, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.
ceiv - ing Grace to sus - tain and com - fort thee.

*cieve Him, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.*

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CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,
Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,

*D. S.*

Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear.....
Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear, He will hear.

No. 28.

# Seeking for Me.

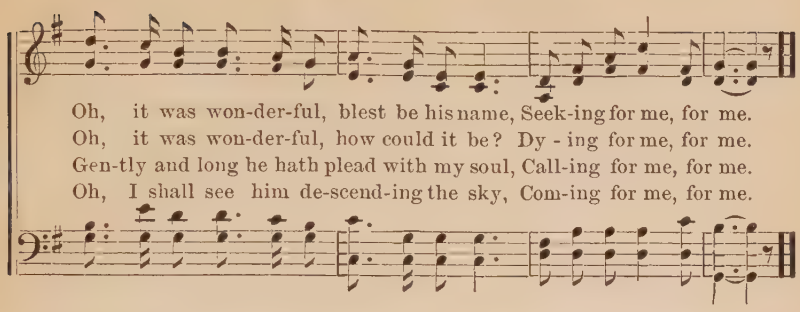
E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man - ger to sor - row and shame, Oh, it was won - der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me. Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me: seek-ing for me, Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me:
2. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free; Oh, it was won - der-ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me. Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me: dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me:
3. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a - far from the fold, Gen - tly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me. Call - ing for me, call-ing for me, call-ing for me: call-ing for me, Call - ing for me, call-ing for me:
4. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom - ise as wea - ry years fly: Oh, I shall see him de- scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me. Com-ing for me, com-ing for me: com-ing for me, Com - ing for me, com-ing for me:

for me..... for me.....

From GOOD WILL. By Per.

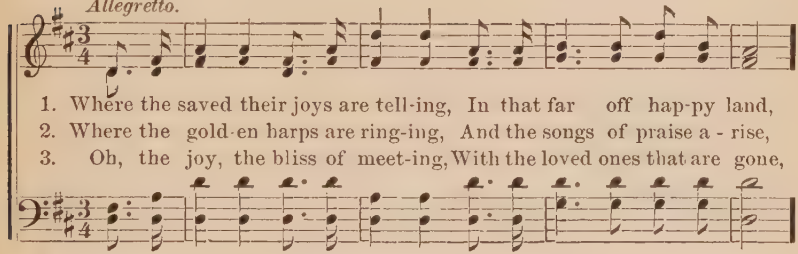
# Seeking for Me—Concluded.

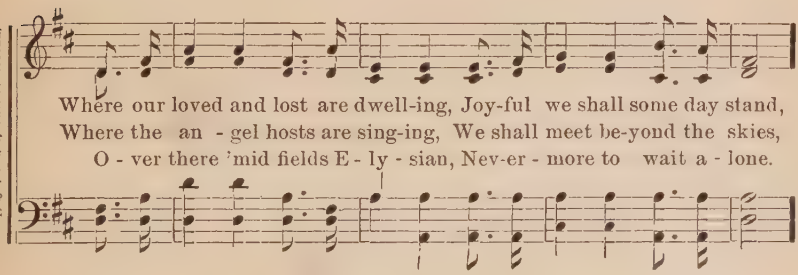



# No. 29. We shall Meet our Loved and Lost.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

*Allegretto.*

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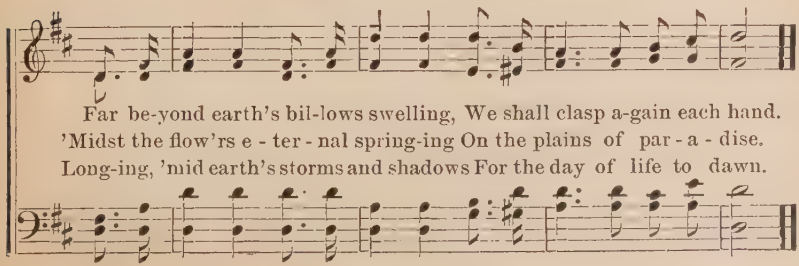

No. 39.

# Safe Enrolled.

(*Whose names are in the Book of Life.* PHIL. 4: 3.)

Arr. by ORLANDO. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Bless-ed prom - ise of the Sav - ior, Writ in hal-low'd pa-ges stands:
2. Wilt thou ev - er leave me? *Nev-er*, I can trust my all to thee;
3. Not the shad - ow of a turn-ing Knows th'e-ter-nal love di - vine;

"I will nev - er, nev-er leave thee; None shall pluck thee from my hands."
Past and pres - ent and for ev - er Lord, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.
Pit - y in thy bo-som burn-ing, Made me, keeps me ev-er thine.

CHORUS.

Safe en - rolled..... my name is writ - ten,
Safe en-rolled my name is writ-ten, Safe en-rolled my name is writ-ten,

In the Book..... of Life Di - vine,.....
In the Book of Life Di-vine, in the Book of Life Di-vine,

Noth-ing shall..... pre-vail to sev - er,
Noth-ing shall pre-vail to sev - er, nothing shall pre-vail to sev - er,

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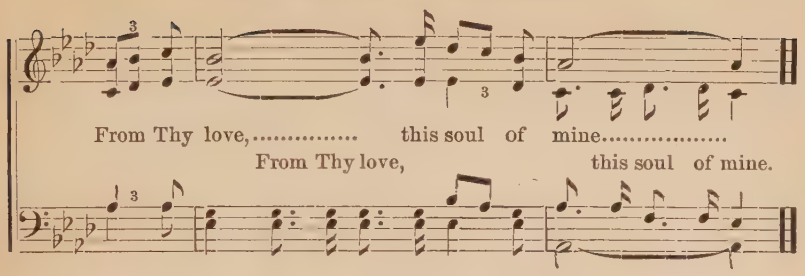
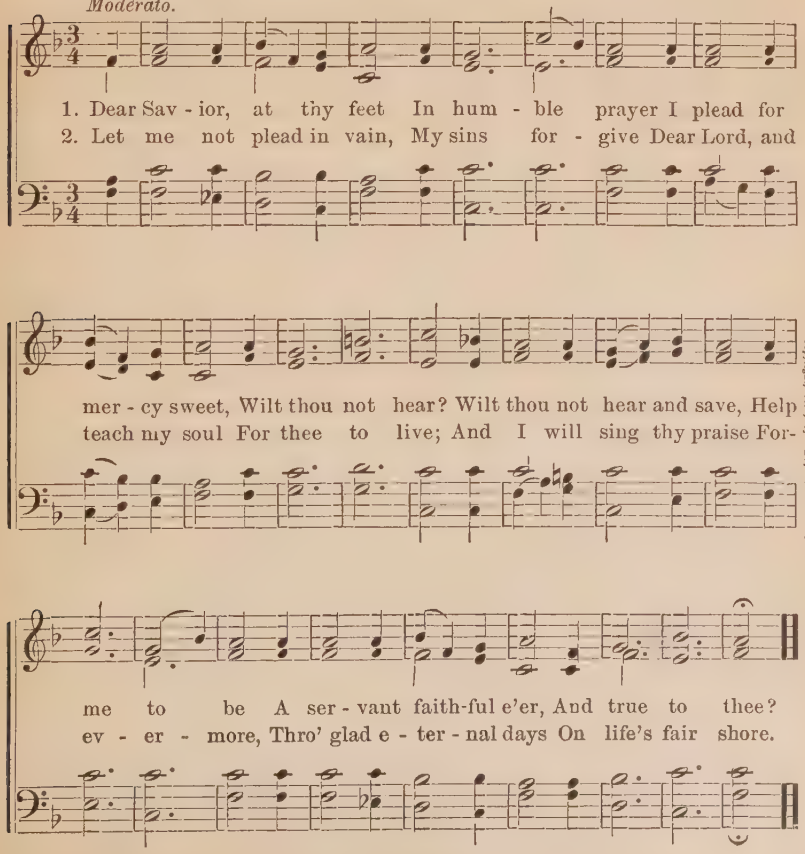



## No. 31. Dear Savior, at thy Feet.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

*Moderato.*

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# No. 32. Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

LAURA E. NEWELL. A. BEIRLY.

1. Je - sus, ten- der Shep-herd, Who thy flock doth keep, In the smil-ing
2. Who so true and ten-der, Bless-ed Christ as thee, Dy - ing for thy
3. Je - sus, gra-cious Shep-herd, Hear us while we pray, Be thou still our

pas-tures, By still wa - ters deep. Watch-ing, ev - er guard - ing,
peo - ple, Lamb of Cal - va - ry. Great - er love can nev - er,
por-tion, Wash our sins a - way. Wilt thou with thy pres - ence,

Lov-ing-ly thine own, None who trust thy guidance Ev - er walk a - lone.
Nev-ermore be shown Than to die in an - guish, To re-deem thine own.
Coun-sel and de-fend, Hold us, keep us, Sav - ior—Thine un-til the end.

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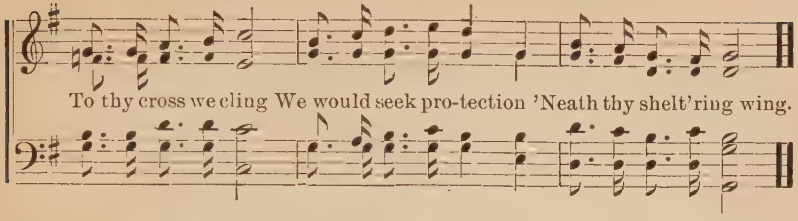
REFRAIN.

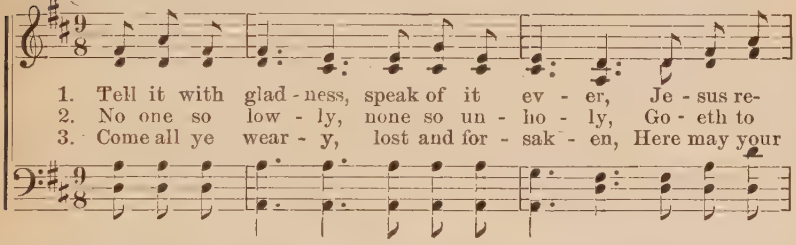
Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, Who art ev - er near, Those who love and

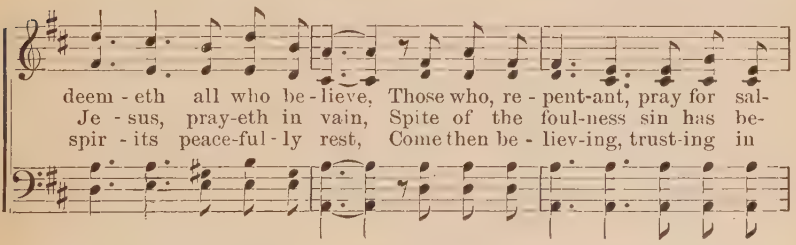
trust thee, They shall feel no fear. Keep us thine for - ev - er.



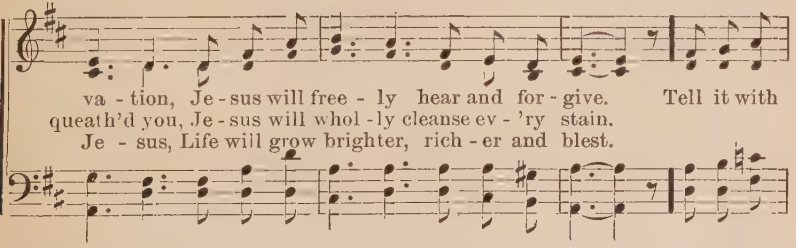

## No. 33. Jesus Redeemeth all who Believe.

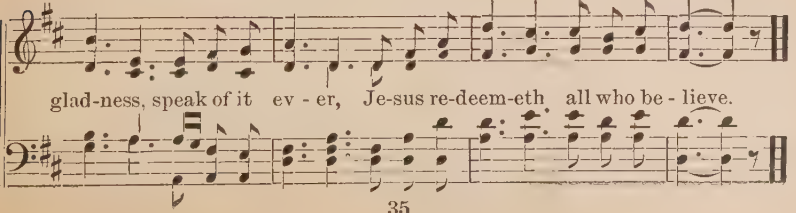
Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. Geo. F. Rosche.




Refrain.

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# No. 34. Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp. By per.

1. "Near er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er,
2. Near - er the Chris-tian's mer - cy seat, I am com - ing near - er,
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er,

Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er,
Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er;
Deep - er the love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er;

Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's
Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus who gave him-
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I

crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,
self for me; Near - er to him I still would be:
long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear.

I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

# No. 35. Light Has Dawned.

L. B. M. L. B. MITCHELL.

1. O the light from the bright world a-bove me Has il - lu-mined my path-way to - day; It has light-ed the darkness of na - ture
2. Like the dawn of a beau-ti - ful morn-ing, When the pil-grim is near-ing his home, So the pathway be-fore me is light - ed
3 Shine on in thy beau ty and splen-dor, O light from the bright world a-bove, Till at last I shall bathe in its glo - ry,

CHORUS.

And chased all the shad-ows a - way. O the light..... has dawn'd up-on me, And it cheers... my homeward way; And 'twill ev - er shine the bright-er Till I reach... the per-fect day.....
And no more from the way need I roam. The ra-diance of in - fi - nite love. O the light has dawn'd up-on me, And it cheers, it cheers my homeward, homeward way, And 'twill ever shine the brighter Till I reach, I reach the perfect, perfect day.

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# No. 36. My Heavenly Father-land.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. F. J. Krueger.

1. O, beau - teous land! a - bove the star - ry heav - ens,
2. Thou pleas - ant land! for thee I'm ev - er long - ing,
3. Be - lov - ed land! where dear - est friends are gath - ered,
4. O, land of peace! In hours of hot - est bat - tle,

Be-decked with glo - ries rich and rare - ly grand,
While roam - ing home - sick on earth's storm-tossed strand,
I'm wend - ing home, with pil - grim staff in hand,
Soft airs from thee, my burn - ing brows have fanned,

Thou still art near, de - spite the wide blue dis - tance,
Oft, through my tears, I see thy glo - ries beam - ing;
Through re - gions foul, where sin and death hold rev - el,
And strains I've caught, sung by ce - les - tial harp - ers,

Thou art in - deed, my soul's dear fa - ther - land.
O, sun - ny, gold - en, heav'n - ly fa - ther - land.
To thy pure bliss, e - ter - nal fa - ther - land.
Where Peace a - lone is found; O, fa - ther - land.

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# No. 37. Come with Rejoicing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Come with re-joic-ing, come with delight, Na-ture is waking, glad and bright;
2. Guarded from danger, sheltered and blest, Un-der his banner, calm, we rest,
3. O! what a Sav-ior, gra-cious to all, O! how his blessings 'round us fall,
4. Still may his mer-cy, ten-der-ly flow, Still may he guide us here be-low;

Hearts o-ver-flow-ing gath-er to-day, Fill us with rapture, Lord, we pray.
Come we be-fore him, come with a song, Tell how he leads us all day long.
Gen-tly to com-fort, kind-ly to cheer, Sleep-ing or wak-ing, God is near.
Then when our journey safe-ly is past May we be gathered home at last.

CHORUS.

Praise our Re-deem-er, tell of his love, Praise our Redeemer, God a-bove;

Tell of his mer-cy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee;

*rall.*

Tell of his mer-cy boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee.

Copyright, 1862, by JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

# No. 38. The Gospel Story.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. Geo. F. Rosche.

1. Won - der - ful the sto - ry, How the Sav - ior came,
2. How his friend be-tray'd him, Lured by earth - ly dross,
3. Now to heav'n as - cend - ed, He in - vites us there,

Leav - ing Heav - en's glo - ry, Bore our sin and shame;
How the sol - diers nailed him To the blood - y cross;
When this life is end - ed, All its joys to share;

Suf - fered base re - vil - ing, Cru - el words and scorn,
How he died, for - giv - ing, Friends un - true and foes;
What a won-drous sto - ry! Sing it o'er and o'er

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Blows from hands de - fil - ing, Wore a crown of thorn.
How he rose tri - umph - ing, All cre - a - tion knows.
In the cross we'll glo - ry; All our sins he bore.

Refrain.

Oh! how he loved, loved poor sinful man, E - ven loves me, Loveth thee and me.
Jesus loveth sinners still, Jesus loveth sinners still,

# No. 39. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

C. Wesley. Geo. F. Rosche.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want: More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:

While the near-er wa - ters roll While the tem-pest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com-fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name: I am all un - right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
False, and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart; Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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# No. 40. Walking with the Savior.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. W. A. Ogden.

1. Are you walking with the Sav - ior, In the true and liv - ing way?
2. Are you walking with the Sav - ior, Are you dai - ly do - ing good?
3. Are you walking with the Sav - ior, Does your heart within you burn,

*f.* *Fine.*

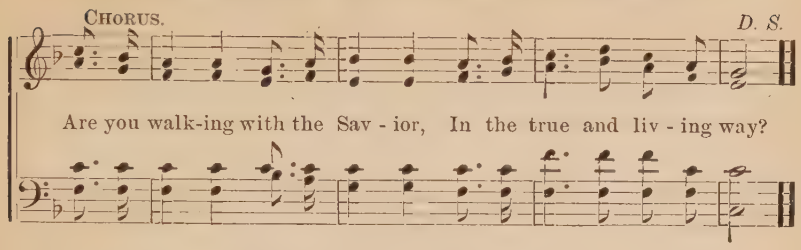
Is the meek and low - ly Je - sus Your com-pan-ion ev - 'ry day?
Is your light a-round you burn-ing Just as bright-ly as it should?
While the sweetness of com-pas - sion From His lov - ing lips you learn?

D. S. *Is the meek and low - ly Je - sus Your com-pan - ion ev - 'ry day?*

By Per. of W. A. OGDEN.

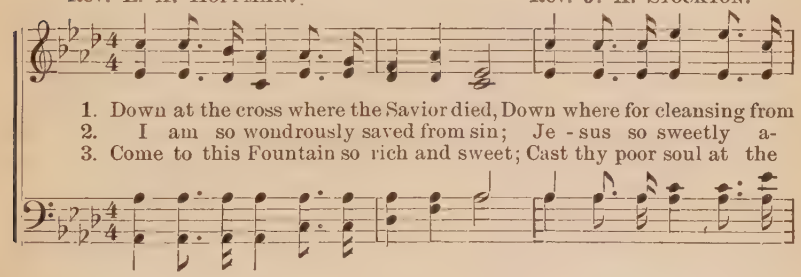
Is your life that con - se - cra - tion To the cause of Him you love,
Are the poor in cot - tage low - ly, And the stran - ger by the way,
Do you wish that at the ev -'ning, When the twi-light shad-ows fall,

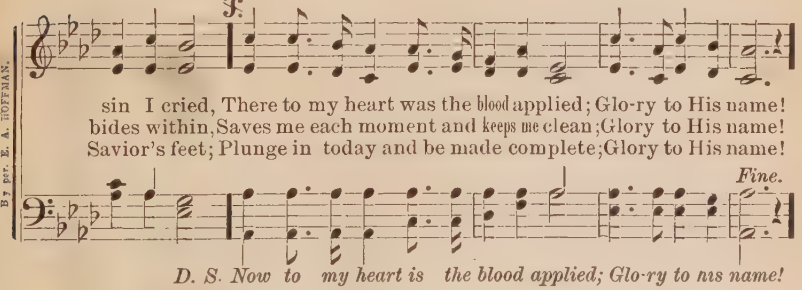
Which would give you con - so - la - tion, Look-ing at it from a - bove?
Ev - er blest with words of kind-ness Which in love they've heard you say?
That the Sav - ior would be with you, And o - be - dient to your call?



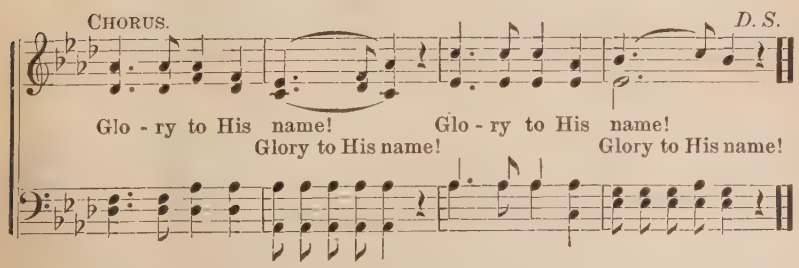

## No. 41. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. A. STOCKTON.




By per. E. A. HOFFMAN.



# No. 42. Is my Name Written There?

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold;
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,

I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold.
But Thy blood, Oh, my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white;

In the book of Thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
For Thy prom-ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;

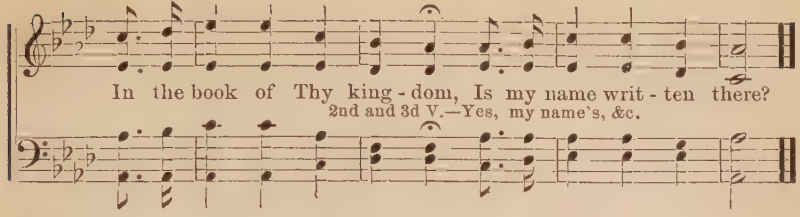
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

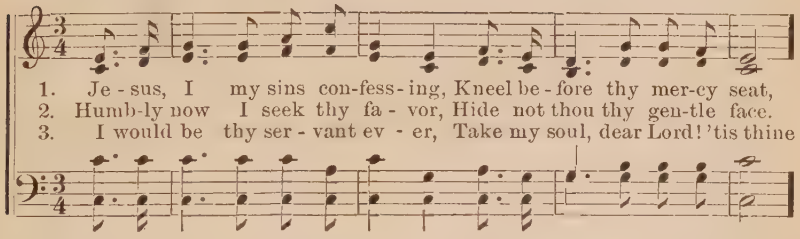
CHORUS for 2nd & 3d Verses: Yes, my name's, &c.

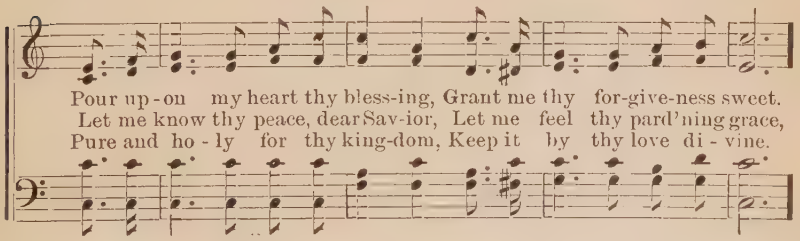
# Is my Name Written There?—Concluded.



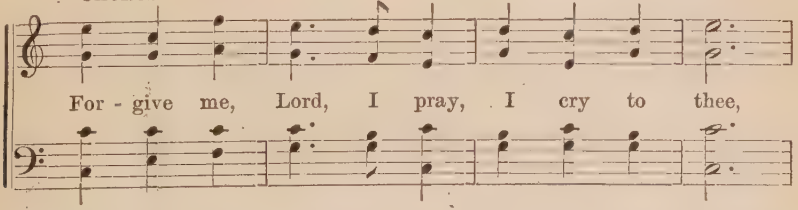

## No. 43. Jesus, I my sins Confessing.

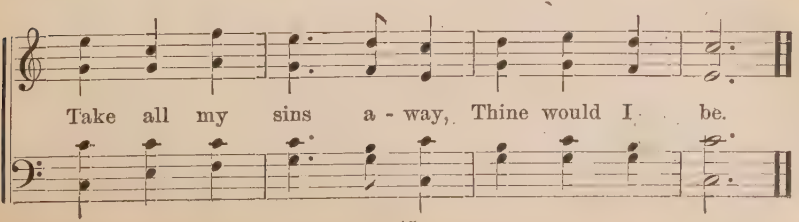
IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.




CHORUS.

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# No. 44. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of his Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry,
2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend-ing bright from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at - rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Filled with his good - ness, lost in his love.

Chorus.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

# No. 45. Oh, the Music over There!

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. F. A. and J. H. Fillmore.

1. Oh, the mu - sic o - ver yon - der In the ha - ven of the blest!
2. Where the healing streams are flowing, Where the tree of life is seen;
3. Where the sav'd u-nite in prais-ing Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners slain,
4. Oh, I love to tell the sto - ry, E - ven in this world of care;

How the saints will pause in won-der, As they en - ter in - to rest!
Where the sil-v'ry sands are glow-ing, And the fields are al-ways green.
From the depths their souls up-rais-ing—Spotless garments theirs a-gain.
But in yon - der realms of glo-ry Sweet-er far to sing it there.

Chorus.

Saints re-joic-ing! an-gels singing! Victors shouting! bells a-ringing! Oh, the mu - sic o - ver there, o-ver there, Oh, the mu-sic o - ver there, over there.

Copyright, 1890, by FILLMORE BROS. By Per.

# No. 46. Purity.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. J. B. Campbell.

1. Chil-dren, guard your tho'ts and words, Keep them pure, keep them pure,
3. Keep your lips from speak-ing guile, Keep them pure, keep them pure;
4. Fa - ther, hear our children's pray'r, Cleanse their souls, keep them pure;

Sin - less as the flow'rs and birds, Grow in Je - sus' like - ness,
Read - y ev - er with a smile, All that's good ap - prov - ing;
Make us meet to en - ter, where Stain-less love a - bid - eth;

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Like the pearls of price - less worth, Dear - er than all gems of earth,
Quick to an - swer mer - cy's call, Slow to judge your broth-er's fall,
Help us trust thy prom - ise sure, Those whose tho'ts and words are pure,

Treas-ure tho'ts of heav'nly birth, Tho'ts of truth and kind - ness.
Bless - ing, breath-ing o - ver all, Ev - er ten - der, - lov - ing.
In thy pres-ence, shall se - cure Joy that nev - er fad - eth.

# No. 47. Tell it to the Lord.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Has thy life a hid-den sor-row, Is thy soul be-neath a cloud?
2. Are there thorns thy path be-strew-ing, Stones to wound thy wea ry feet,
3. Art thou sad and heav-y la-den, Light will fol-low af-ter this,

Waits for thee no glad to-mor-row, Shadows dark thy way en-shroud;
Burn-ing tears thine eyes be-dew-ing, Bit-ter drops with ev-'ry sweet.
And thy joy will e'er be deep-er, In the heav'n-ly realms of bliss.

Tell it to the Lord thy Sav-ior, He will all thy griefs dis-pel,
Tell it to the Lord thy Sav-ior, He doth all thy trou-bles see,
Tell it to the Lord thy Sav-ior, He thy spir-it will sus-tain;

Till thy heart with joy tri-umph-ant, For he do-eth all things well.
And his ten-der grace shall ev-er, For thy day suf-fi-cient be.
Trust him tho' the shadows gath-er, It will soon be light a-gain.

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# No. 48. Anywhere, Dear Jesus.

E. C. Ellsworth. Rev. O. S. Grinnell. By per.

1. An-y-where, dear Je-sus, Lead my wea-ry feet, On - ly let me clasp Thy hand, Feel Thy pres - ence sweet; Thorns may pierce and snares be - set, I will fol - low Thee, An - y-where, dear Sav - ior,
2. An-y-where, dear Je-sus, On - ly this I pray, Keep me in the nar - row path, Let me nev - er stray; Sin may plead with si - ren voice, I will an-swer, nay, Kept by Thee, my Sav - ior,
3. An-y-where, dear Je-sus, If at last I come Where I see Thee face to face, In my heav'n - ly home; There are "ma - ny mansions" bright, There remains a rest, There with Thee, my Sav - ior,

Chorus.

If thou lead - est me. An-y-where, ev-'ry-where, I will fol - low Je - sus, An - y-where, dear Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
I will hold my way.
I'll be tru - ly blest.

# No. 49. Go Find it in Prayer.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Bound 'neath the world's many burdens, Tired with the long, wea-ry way,
2. Pray to thy Fa-ther in heav-en, Kneel in thy glad-ness or woe,
3. Prayer is the soul's shield and armor, Sure when 'tis troubled and tried,
4. Then, when thou'rt sadden'd and weary, Tired with the cares of each day,

Soul, there is balm for thy sor-row, Kneel in thy weak-ness and pray.
Ev - er will fol-low thy pleadings, Joy that the world can - not know.
Sav - ing the footsteps from straying, Cast - ing temp-ta - tion a-side.
Bend to thy Sav - ior thy bur-dens, Go to thy clos - et and pray.

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CHORUS.

Je - sus will hear and will help thee, Bring him thy sor-row and care;

*rit.....*

Peace e'er a - bid-ing he's promis'd, Go thou and find it in prayer.

# No. 50. "Go, Stand and Speak."

MARY M. BROWN, ACTS 5: 20. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov-ing words That Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely some where a low-ly place In earth's harvest field so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer that I should seek;
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and obscure the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll an - swer, "Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go."
My voice shall ech - o thy mes - sage sweet, "I'll say what you want me to say."
I'll do thy will with a heart sin - cere, "I'll be what you want me to be."

REFRAIN.

*"I'll go where you want me to go, Lord,

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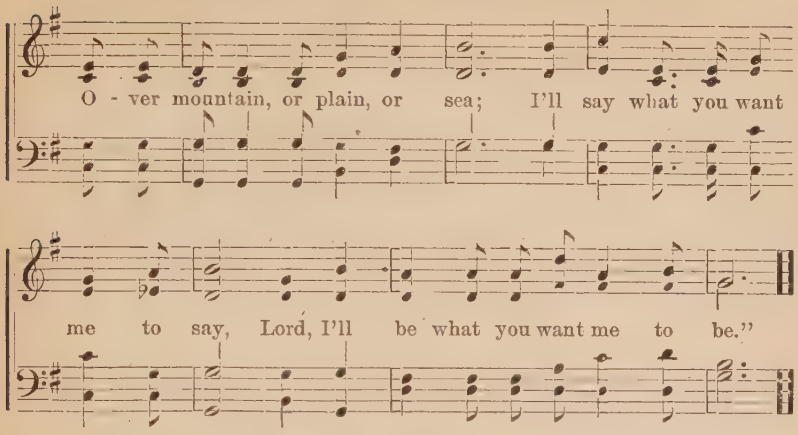
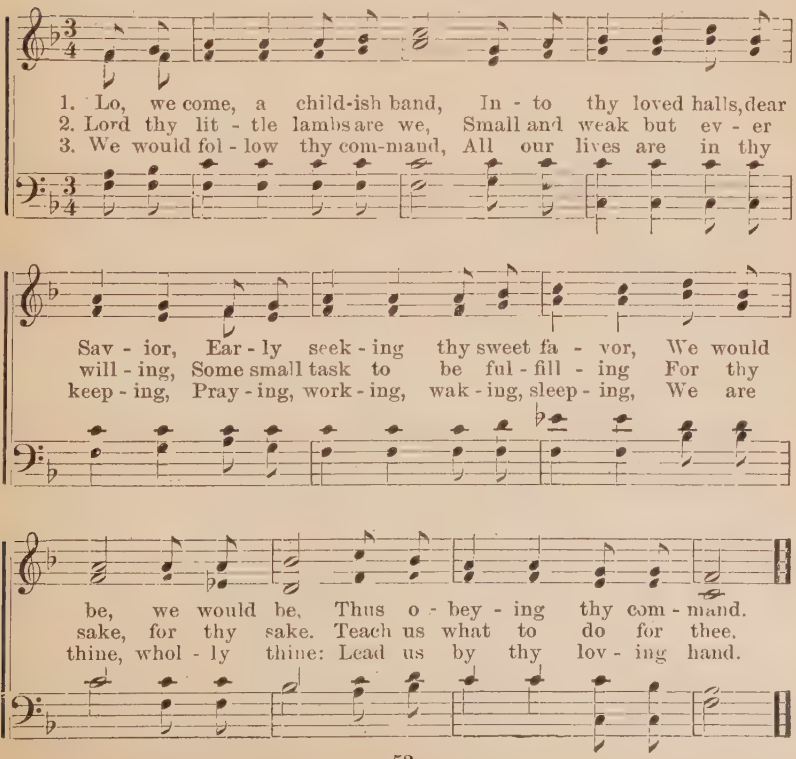
* Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., tells of hearing the words of this refrain repeated by a young lady in a consecration meeting at the Iowa State Convention Y. P. S. C. E., 1890.




## No. 51. Lo, We Come.

IDA. L. REED. (For the Little Ones.) GEO. F. ROSCHE.

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# No. 52. I'm Nearer My Home.

IDA L. REED. *Chorus arr.* GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. I'm near-er my home to - day, The jour-ney will soon be o'er.
2. When fad-eth each day's last beam, My way wea-ry feet have press'd
3. I'm near-er that fond loved land, I'm near - er its gates of light,

Each hour as it glides a - way, Brings near-er its shin - ing shore.
Still clos-er the mys - tic stream, That bor-ders the land of rest.
And soon its bright sil-v'ry strand, Shall glad-den my spir - it's sight.

CHORUS.

I'm near - - er my home,..... I'm
I'm near - er my home, my heav - en - ly home, I'm

near - - er my home,..... I'm near - - er my
near - er my home, My heav-en - ly home, I'm near-er my home, my

*Rit.*

home to day, Than ev - er I was be - fore.

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# No. 53. The Master's Call.

Mrs. Adaline H. Beery. A. Beirly.

1. Have you heard the Mas-ter's call Sound-ing clear, sound-ing clear,
2. Day and night He's call-ing sweet, "Will you come, will you come?
3. Do not let him call in vain, Sin-ful one, sin-ful one;

"Bring to me your bur-dens all, I will cheer, I will cheer;
I will guide your wand'ring feet To my home, to my home;
If God's mer-cy you would gain, Love the Son, love the Son;

Leave your darksome ways of sin, Let the light of love shine in;
There you'll nev-er sor-row more, But will walk the gold-en shore;
There is joy in ser-vice true, There is wealth and com-fort too,

Strive the heaven-ly goal to win, Come, quick-ly come!"
I will ope the pearl-y door, Come, quick-ly come!"
There is ev-'ry hope for you, Come, quick-ly come!

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# No. 54. Is not this the Land of Beulah?

Anon. Arranged.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sun-light gleams,
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex ceeds my fond-est dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast - ed life's sweet riv-er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

*f.*

Where the air is pure, e - the-real, La-den with the breath of flowers,
Bro-ken vows and dis - ap-pointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing rich and gay,

CHO.—*Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light,*

*D. S. Chorus.*

They are bloom-ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

*Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.*

4. Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation,
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

# No. 55. God be with You.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se - cure-ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly hold you,
hide you; Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you,
found you, Put his arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

Chorus.

God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... Till we
Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain, till we meet;

meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

Copyrighted by Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. By per.

# No. 56. View from the "Delectable Mountains."

(PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.)

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN. C. A. WEISS.

Organ. Organ.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! thou queen
2. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! I hear
3. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! my Home

of glo - ry, By faith mine eyes be - hold, The dream of Sa cred
sweet sing - ing, My spir - it al - most faints, With fer - ven-cy of
e - ter - nal! No clouds of earth can hide Thy ra - di-ance su-

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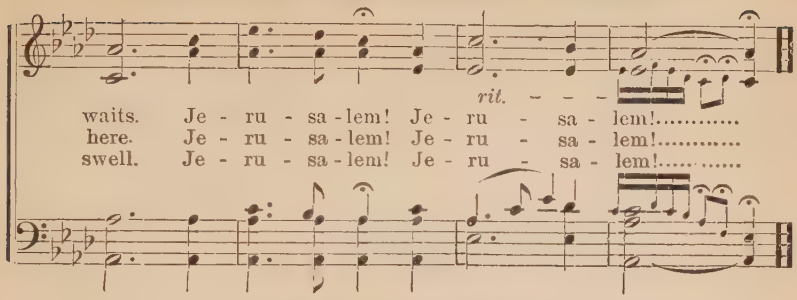
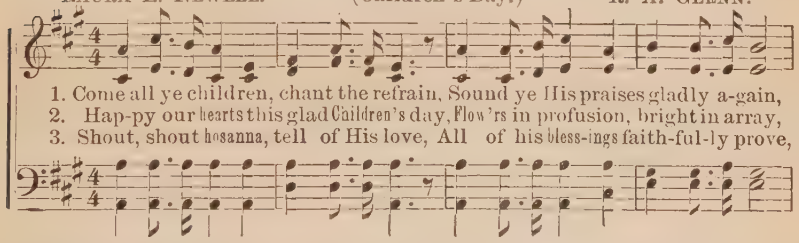
Sto - ry; Thy walls of polished gold, From terrac'd hills up springing, Thy
long - ing, And en-vy of the saints; In ec-sta-cy of pleas - ure, The
per - nal. Thou beauteous, virgin bride! No din of bus-y toil - ers, No

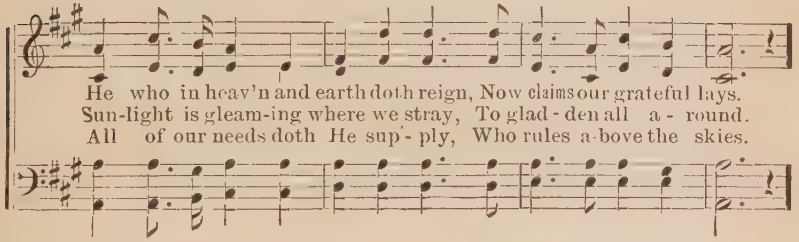
shin-ing pearly gates, For - ev-er o-pen swing-ing Where Jesus me a-
el - ders song I hear; The grand triumphal measure, Of those who battled
bat-tle's thunder quells The music of the harp - ers, The wond'rous cho-rus'

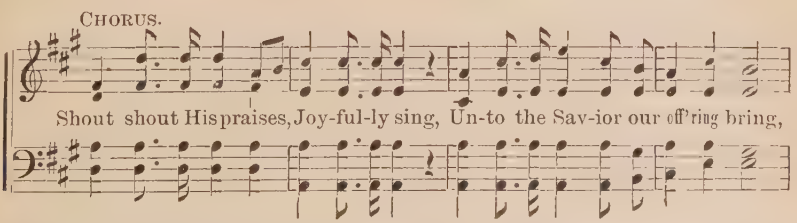


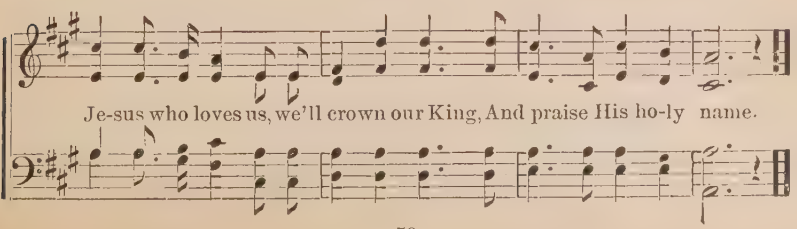

## No. 57. Children's Offering.

LAURA E. NEWELL. (Children's Day.) R. A. GLENN.

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# No. 58. Oh, I Would Sing of Jesus!

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. A. WEISS.

*Andante.* SOLO.

1. Oh, I would sing of Je - sus, The mighty King of Kings; I'd tell His wondrous sto - ry And of the peace he brings, Of Beth - le-hem and Cal - va-ry, The man - ger and the
2. I'd tell the little children That Christ for them has died; Up - on the cross he lan-guished Was scourged and cru-ci- fied; He loves the chil-dren ev - er, His jew - els pure and
3. I'd bid the heav-y la-den, To come to Christ and rest; He calls in ten - der ac - cents To those by griefs op- pressed; His love is all sus - tain - ing, His prom - ise will not

*rit.* *f* *a tempo.*

*rit.....* *f*

Copyright 1891, by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

# Oh, I Would sing of Jesus—Concluded.

cross, And I would bid you seek him And count all else as dross.
bright, He watch-es them, and guards them, thro' ev'ry day and night.
fail, His gen - tle hand will guide us, E'en thro' the shad-owy vale.

*rit.*

CHORUS.

Oh! I would sing of Je - sus, The might - y King of

kings; I'd tell His won - drous sto - ry, And

*D. S.* Coda. *rit.*

of the peace He brings.

# No. 59. Send the Light.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to - day, "Send the light,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry-where abound, Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light,

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en off'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light!

Copyright, 1899, by CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

CHORUS.*

Send the light!.....Send the light!..... We will spread the

Send the light! Send the light! We will spread... the ev-er

ev-er-last-ing light, With a will-ing, will-ing heart and hand.

last - ing light With a will - - ing heart and hand..... Giving

*The first *eight* measures of chorus may be omitted.

# Send the Light—Concluded.

Giv-ing God the glo-ry ev - er-more. We will fol-low.

God..... the glo-ry ev - er - more. We will fol-low his com-

follow his command. Send the light,... the blessed gos - pel light, Let it

mand..... Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light,

shine..... from shore to shore! ..... Send the light!..... and let its

Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and

ra - diant beams Light the world..... for ev - er - more.....

let its ra-diant beams Light the world for ev-er-more.

# No. 60. Land of Beauty.

E. R. LATTA. A. BEIRLY.

1. Let us seek the land that is fair and bright, Tho' there shines no sun-ny
2. Let us seek the land that is free of sin, And the dwellers free of
3. Let us seek the land where no storm-wind blows, And no blighting frost can

ray; Let us tar - ry not till the gloom - y night, Let us
care; There the par-don'd souls that have en - ter'd in, Ev - er-
fall, Where the tree of life by the riv - er grows, And where

CHORUS.

start at ear - ly day. Land of beau-ty; Land of
last - ing bliss shall share.
gleams the jas - per wall. Land of beau - ty. Land

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beau-ty; There a fade - less crown is on each brow. Land of
of beau - ty; There a fade-less crown is on each brow, Land

beau-ty, Let us seek it— Seek that Land of beau-ty now.
of beau-ty, Let us seek it—

# No. 61. Lord Jesus, we are Marching.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Lord Je - sus, we are march - ing, A lit - tle pil-grim band,
2. We've start-ed for thy king - dom, To bat - tle e'er for thee,
3. We're march-ing dai - ly on - ward, Our path doth sky-ward lead,

Be-neath thine own bright ban - ner, To Zi - on's ho - ly land;
Tho' small and weak, dear Sav - ior, True sol - diers may we be,
To heav'n's e - ter - nal glo - ry, As in thy word we read;

And while we march we're sing-ing, Be with us Lord. we pray;
There's much we may be do - ing, As thus we march a - long,
We're hap - py in thy ser - vice, Thy love our hearts doth fill.

While heav-en's songs are ring - ing We can not lose the way.
The shin - ing way pur - su - ing, To res - cue souls from wrong.
And we are striv-ing ev - er, To do thy bless - ed will.

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# No. 62. The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. D. D. Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a spot for me more dear Than native vale or mountain
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o-cean;
3. Sink-ing and pant-ing as for breath I knew not help was near me;
4. O sa-cred hour! O hallowed spot! Where love divine first found me;

A spot for which affection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain.
A-bove me was the thunder's roar, Beneath, the waves' commotion.
I cried, "Oh save me, Lord, from death, Im-mor tal Je - sus, hear me."
Wher ev-er falls my dis-tant lot My heart shall lin - ger round thee

'Tis not where kin-dred souls abound, Tho' that is al - most heaven,
Dark - ly the pall of night was thrown A-round me faint with ter-ror;
Then quick as tho't I felt him mine, My Sav ior stood be-fore me;
And when from earth I rise, to soar Up to my home in heav-en,

But where I first my Sav-ior found, And felt my sins for - giv-en.
In that dark hour how did my groan As-cend for years of er - ror.
I saw his brightness round me shine, And shouted "Glo - ry, glo - ry."
Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for - giv-en.

# No. 63. What tho' the Way be Weary.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. What tho' the way be wea - ry, Thy Fa-ther walks be - side,
2. Tho' clouds hang dark a - bove thee, Be brave, He know-eth best,

And thro' the sha - dows drea - ry, Thy fal-t'ring steps He'll guide.
He tries be - cause He loves thee, Find in His arms thy rest.

CHORUS.

Then for - ward, press for - ward, His love lights the way, That

lead - eth to glo - ry and in - fi-nite day; Oh, fear not nor dread not the

path He has trod, "'Twill lead thee to heav - en, to heav - en and God."

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# No. 64. "From all that Dwell Below the Skies."

V. WEBER, arr. by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. E-ter - nal are..... thy mer-cies, Lord,
E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord,
2. Your loft - y themes,..... ye mor - tals bring,
Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring,
3. In ev - 'ry land..... be - gin the song,
In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song,

E - ter - nal truth at-tends thy Word;
E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy Word;
In songs of praise di-vine - ly sing;
In songs of praise di - vine ly sing;
To ev - 'ry land the strains be-long;
To ev - 'ry land the strains be-long;

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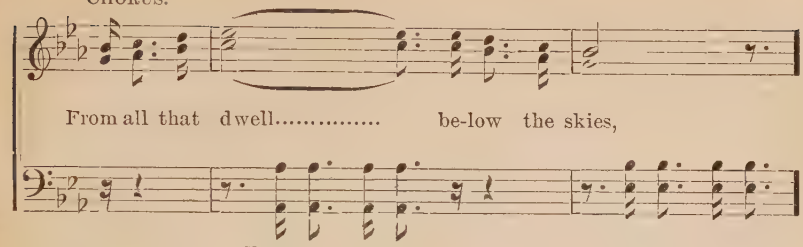
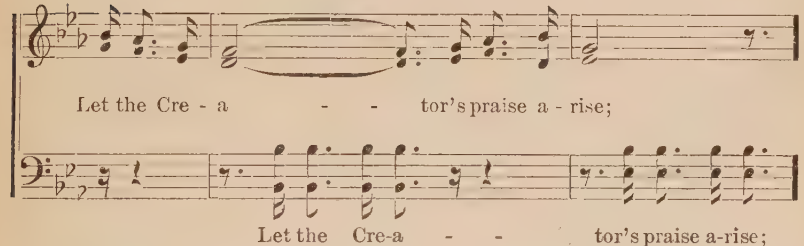
Thy praise shall sound..... from shore to shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Sal - va - tion free..... a-loud pro-claim,
Sal va - tion free a - loud pro claim,
In cheer-ful sounds..... all voic - es raise,
In cheer - ful sounds all voic - es raise,

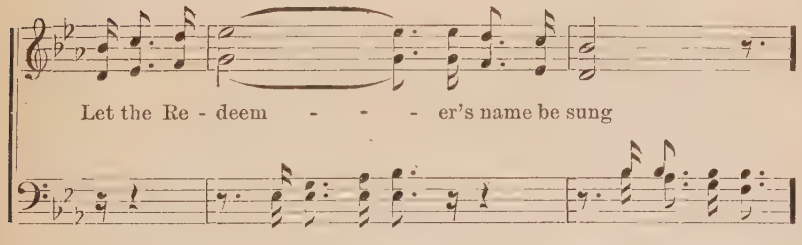
Till sun shall rise..... and set no more.
Till sun shall rise
And shout for joy..... the Sav - ior's name.
And shout for joy
And fill the world..... with loud - est praise.
And fill the world

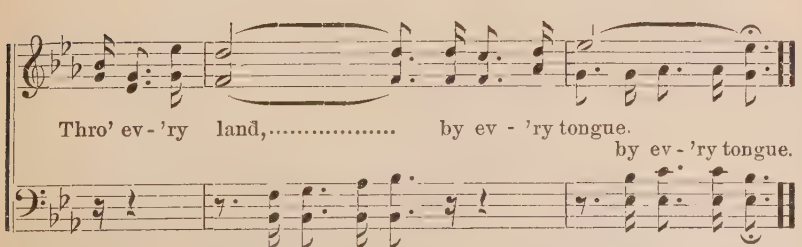
# From all that Dwell—Concluded.

CHORUS.



# No. 65. Everlasting Love.

Mrs. Joeseph K. Knapp.

1. Wondrous words! how rich in blessing! Deeper than th'unfathomed sea;
2. Down to low - est depths it reaches—The all - lov - ing Father's arm,
3. Wea - ry spir - its, sad with toil-ing, 'Mid the sor - rows of life's way—

Broad-er than its world of wa - ters, Boundless, in - fi - nite and free:
Toward his reb - el children yearning, Drawing them with ma - gic charm;
Feel their heav - y bur-dens lightened, As they jour-ney day by day,

High - er than the heav'ns a - bove, Is that *Ev - er - last - ing Love;*
Till the yield - ing spir - its move, Touch'd by *Ev - er - last - ing Love;*
How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by *Ev - er - last - ing Love;*

High - er than the heav'ns a - bove. Is that *Ev - er - last - ing Love.*
Till the yield - ing spir - its move, Touch'd by *Ev - er - last - ing Love.*
How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by *Ev - er - last - ing Love.*

Copyrighted by JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

4. I have set thee as a signet,
Graven on my hands thy name;
Lo, I still am with thee always,
Evermore thy Friend—the same;
‖: Never changing—thou wilt prove
Mine is *Everlasting Love.* :‖

5. In my house of many mansions,
I've prepared a place for thee,
Where are no dark clouds or tempests,
Where I am, there thou shalt be—
‖: All the untold bliss to prove,
Of my *Everlasting Love.* :‖

# No. 66. Fear Not.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

*Andantino.*

1. Fear not though tem-pest's threat-en And clouds a-bove thee roll,
2. Tho' thorns may strew thy path-way, In re-sig-na-tion bow,
3. Each day will be the bright-er, If thou to him wilt pray;

Give all thy dread to Je-sus, The Shep-herd of thy soul.
Re-mem-ber they were plat-ted A-bout his king-ly brow.
Each bur-den will grow light-er, And fair-er be thy way.

Lean on his arm un-fail-ing, Yield all thy doubts to him,
Press for-ward, hop-ing, trust-ing, He know-eth all thy fear,
His smile shall e'er il-lu-mine Thy sad-dest, dark-est hours.

And He will guide thee on-ward, When tears thy sight shall dim.
"A pres-ent help in trou-ble," He walk-eth ev-er near.
Till in thy heart shall blos-som, Life's sweet, e-ter-nal flow'rs.

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# No. 67. Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty.

Bp. REGINALD HEBER. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser-a-phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! *A - men.*

# No. 68. Closing Song.

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. In thy bless-ed word, our Fa - ther, In the les-son of to-
2. In thy truth, O Fa-ther, keep us, Fill our hearts with love di-
3. Now is come the hour of part - ing, May thy Ho - ly Spir - it,

day,— May we see in each, our Sav - ior, A light to
vine, May thy Spir - it dwell with - in us, And may thy
too, Go with each of us to guide us A - long the

guide us on our way; Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, thus we pray;—
glo - ry round us shine; Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, thus we pray;—
jour - ney we pur - sue; Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, thus we pray;—

Lead us by thy Ho - ly Spir - it In - to the truth al - way.
May thy Spir - it dwell with in us, And keep us day by day.
Keep us by thy Ho - ly Spir - it Un - to the per - fect day.

by Per. W. A. OGDEN.

# No. 69. There's a Peaceful, Shining Strand.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. There's a peace-ful, shin-ing strand, Far a-way, Far a-way;
2. There the flow'rs for-ev-er bloom, Bright and fair, bright and bright and fair;
3. When our wea-ry feet shall press Thy dear strand, thy dear thy dear strand;

way; By the heav'nly breezes fanned, All the day, all the all the day,
far a-way;
fair; Send-ing up their sweet perfume, Far and near, far and far and near,
bright and fair;
strand, Deep will be our joy-ful-ness, Hap-py land, hap-py hap-py land,
thy dear strand;

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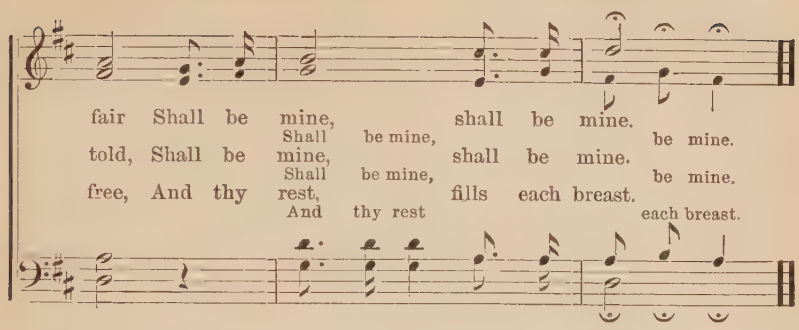
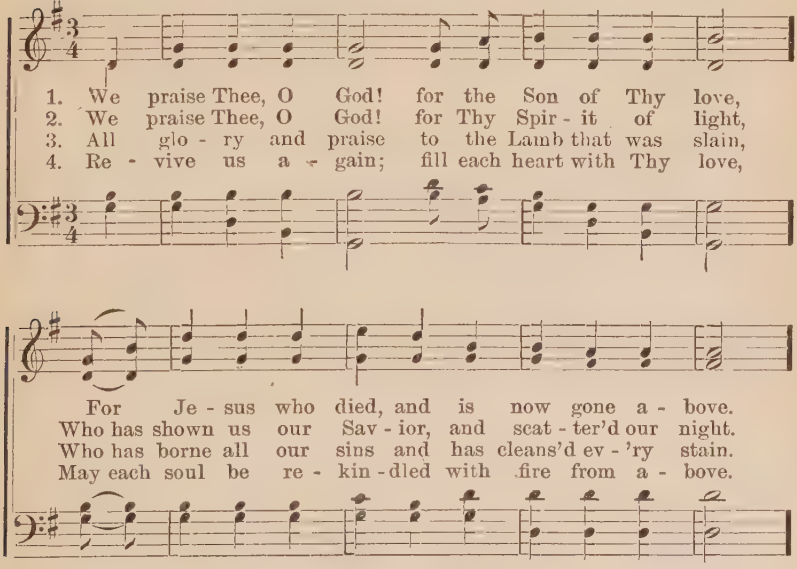
day. Cease-less mu-sic fills the air, Joy-ous all the day.
near. We its glo-ry shall be-hold Pear-ly far and near.
land. Oh, the bless-ed thought of thee, Fills our hap-py land.

songs are ring-ing there, And that her-i-tage so
gates will then un-fold, And its rich-es all un-
hearts with mel-o-dy, For thy peace so full and

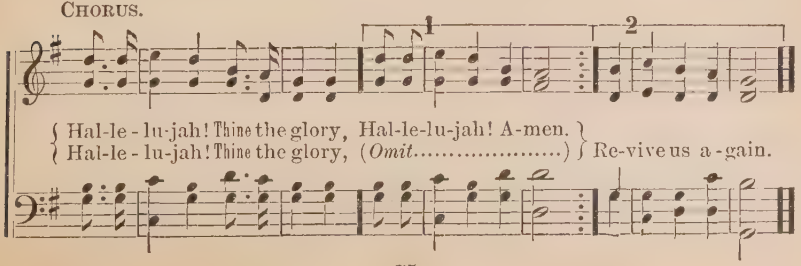



## No. 70. We praise Thee, O God.

English.




CHORUS.



# No. 71. Jesus Loves You.

IDA L. REED — GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Do you know that Je - sus loves you, That he
2. He is watch - ing dai - ly o'er you, Know - ing
3. Oh! his love is deep and bound - less And dear

waits to wel-come you, In the heav'n - ly courts a-
all the ways you take, Wheth - er right or wrong, my
one it is for you, Like a spring it flows for-

CHORUS.

bove you, 'Midst the joys for - ev - er new? Je - sus
broth - er, Guard thy steps then for his sake.
ev - er, Pure and change - less, ev - er true.

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loves you, Yes he loves you, More than earth-ly friend or broth - er,

He who reigns in light a - bove you, ev - er ten - der, ev - er true.

# No. 72. Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

*With expression.*

1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav-ior lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past!

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee re-ly.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
lest I stray;

*rit. e dim.*

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

# No. 73. Where'er my Footsteps Wander.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Wher-e'er my foot-steps wan-der, I feel thy pres-ence near,
2. Thy love makes glad my path-way, Thy smile doth strengthen me,
3. O Friend of friends, most faith-ful, How can I e'er re-pay

And know, dear Lord, thou'rt with me, That I've no need to fear
O strong and might-y Help-er, I can re-ly on thee;
Thy ten-der, lov-ing kind-ness, That brightens all my way;

The per-ils that sur-round me, Since there is by my side,
Thro' all life's fit-ful chan-ges, Thro' all its shade and shine,
That takes a-way my sad-ness, And lifts the clouds a-bove;

A Friend who ne'er will fail me, What-ev-er may be-tide.
I'll look to thee, dear Sav-ior, My trust shall e'er be thine.
O Je-sus, pre-cious Sav-ior, Thy ho-ly name I love.

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# No. 74. My Heavenly Home.

IDA L. REED. A. BEIRLY.

1. I have a home, a home on high, Pre-pared in love for me;
2. I long to see the hills of light, All crowned with beau-ty rare;
3 Oh! hap - py home, mine eyes shall see Thy glo - ries fair and sweet;

I shall in - her - it, by and by My man - sion fair a-
The vales where fall no shades of night, The vault - ed skies for-
For thou, I know, dost wait for me, And I shall dwell with

bove the sky, If I but faithful be, If I but faithful be.
ev - er bright, Of that dear land so fair, Of that dear land so fair.
joy in thee, When I my Lord shall meet, When I my Lord shall meet.

CHORUS.

I have a home in heav'n, Whose walls shall stand for-ev - er,

'Twas by God's mer - cy given Its glo - ries fad - eth nev - er.

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# No. 75. Oh! the Mansions Over Yonder.

LAURA E. NEWELL. German. Arr. by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Oh! the man-sions o - ver yon - der, Where the pure in heart a - bide,
2. Oh! the strains of heav'n-ly mu - sic, That re-sound in glo - ry land,
3. By and by, Oh! bless-ed prom - ise, When he gen - tly leads us home,

Where their songs of heav'nly rap - ture, Ech - o from the oth - er side.
Where the choirs of heav'n are chant-ing, A tri-umph-ant, hap-py band,
We the mys - ter - y may fath - om, Nev - er more in grief to roam.

Peace that's past all un - der - stand - ing, Waits be - yond the tide.
Here we may not know in heav - en We shall un - der - stand.
To the man-sion o - ver yon - der, He will bid us come.

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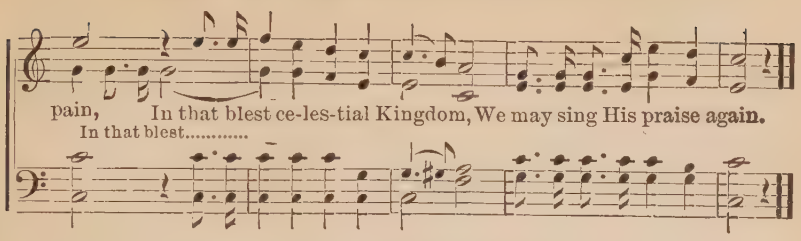
REFRAIN.

Oh! the home so bright o'er the riv - er, Where the pure in heart re - main,

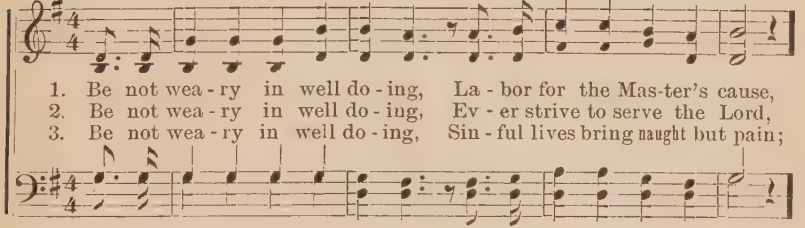
We may dwell with Christ for - ev - er, Where we're done with care and

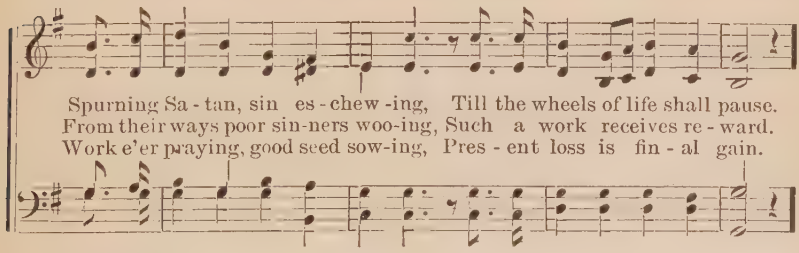
# Oh! the Mansions—Concluded.



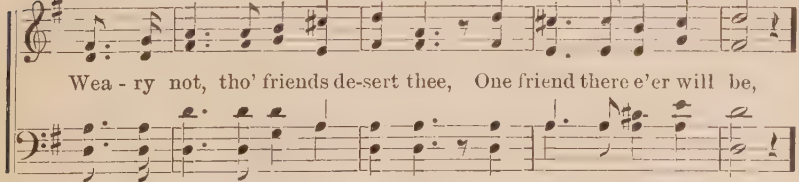

# No. 76. Be not Weary in Well Doing.

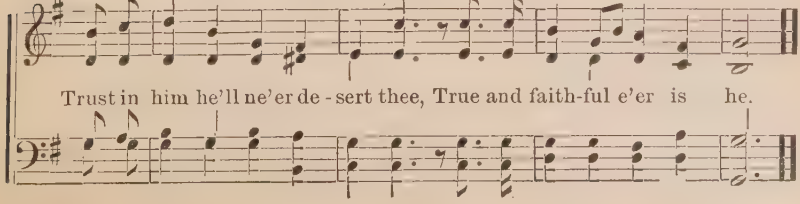
S. A. MUEL. S. C. HANSON. By per.




CHORUS.



# No. 77. Crown Him.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Crown him, crown him, Je - sus our won-der - ful Sav - ior;
Swell - ing, swell - ing, till the world joins in the cho - rus,
2. Crown him, crown him, Je - sus our won-der - ful Sav - ior,
Watch - ing o'er us ten - der-ly, lov-ing - ly, ev - er,

Crown him with Joy, wide - ly his name shall ring;
Praise him, praise him, Je - sus our Lord and King.
Friend e'er faith - ful who doth our sor - rows share;
Down from heav - en, heal - ing the griefs we bear,

Deep and boundless flow-eth his sweet com-pas-sion And we all may
He bore the pain wounded for our transgressions, Died to save us

CHORUS.

drink from its liv - ing spring. Crown him, crown him, Je-sus our wonderful
we are his ten - der care.

Sav - ior, Crown him, crown him, crown him the King of kings.

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# No. 78. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

E. R. LATTA. R. H. RANDALL.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, In ac - cents clear and plain,
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, In tones that move me still,
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I'll be thy con-stant guest,

My child if thou wilt seek my face, Thou shalt not seek in vain,
De - ny thy-self, thy cross take up, My child and do my will,
And, if thou heav - y la - den art, I'll give thy spir - it rest.

I an-swer'd Lord, thy face I seek, Re - veal thy - self to me!
I an-swer'd, Lord my cross I'll take; Thy ser - vant I will be;
I an-swer'd Lord, I'm wea - ry now, My bur - dens heav - y bear.

He kept his word, In ver - i - ty, By faith, his face I see.
Each sin - ful wish, my - self de - ny, And fol - low on - ly thee.
Thou'lt keep thy word in ver - i - ty— I'll cast on Thee my care.

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# No. 79. I am Sheltered in Thee.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is high-er than I, This my
2. I am safe in the Rock that was riv-en for me, From the
3. I am safe in the Rock, let what-ev-er be-tide, Death and

ref-uge thro' storms e'er shall be; Tho my frail bark is toss'd on the
pow'r of the tempt-er I'm free; Tho' my path-way be dark and the
hell have no ter-ror to me; I can walk with-out fear thro' the

bil-lows' mad foam, Yet I'm shel-ter'd for-ev-er in thee.
storms sweep the sky, Yet se-cure-ly I'm shel-ter'd in thee.
shad-ow-y vale, For se-cure-ly I'm shel-ter'd in thee.

CHORUS.

Shel-ter'd in thee, shel-ter'd in thee, O thou
shel-ter'd in thee, in thee,

blest Rock of A-ges, I am shel-ter'd in thee.

# No. 80. I Will Praise Thee, O Lord.

IDA. L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. I will praise thee, O Lord, For thy kind-ness to me,
2. O my Sav-ior and King, Thou dis-pel-lest my fear,
3. I will praise thee, O Lord, All my path-way a-long,

For the gift of thy word, And its prom-is-es free;
Un-to thee will I sing, To my heart thou art dear.
I will praise thee in prayer, I will wor-ship in song;

My Re-deem-er art thou, I am saved by thy blood,
Thou my ran-som hast paid, I am bought with thy blood,
All my life, Lord, is thine, I've been washed in thy blood,

And my soul is cleansed for-ev-er In its glad heal-ing flood.
And my soul is cleansed for-ev-er In its glad heal-ing flood.
And my soul is cleansed for-ev-er In its glad heal-ing flood.

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# No. 81. Marching and Singing.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. We're a hap - py pil-grim band, Marching to the promised land,
2. We've a Lead - er bold and brave, Je - sus might - i - est to save,

Guided by our Captain on we move; And to cheer us on our way,
No fierce li - on dares to cross our way, Marching on without a fear,

We are singing all the day, Singing as we near the shrine we love.
To our Captain keeping near, Pilgrims nev-er from our ranks will stray.

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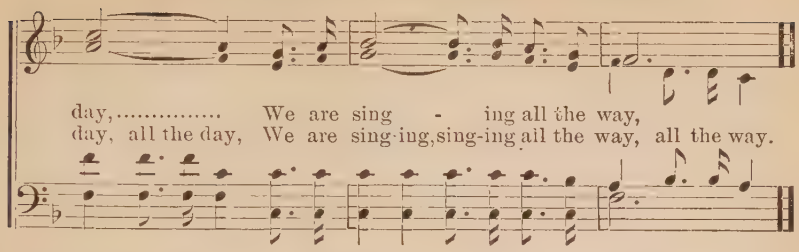
CHORUS.

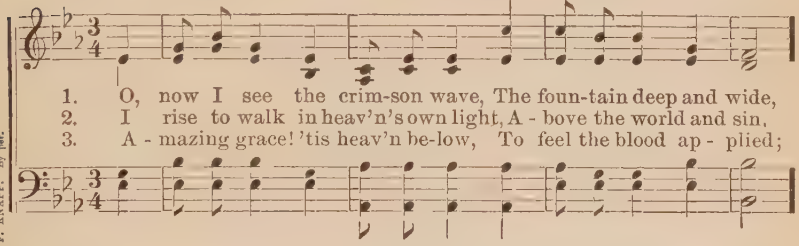
We are march - ing all the day,..... We are
We are marching, marching all the day, all the day, We are

sing - ing all the way,..... We are march - ing all the
sing-ing, singing all the way, all the way, We are marching, marching all the




## No. 82. O, now I see the Cleansing Wave.

PHŒBE PALMER. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

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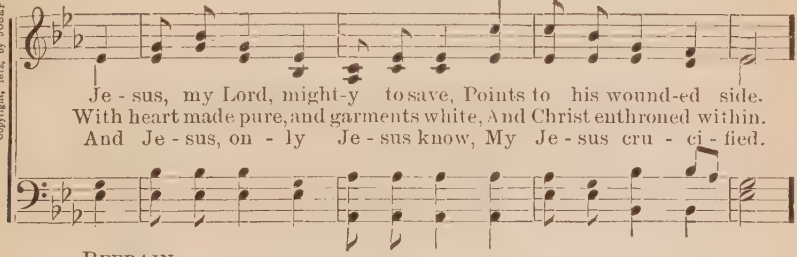


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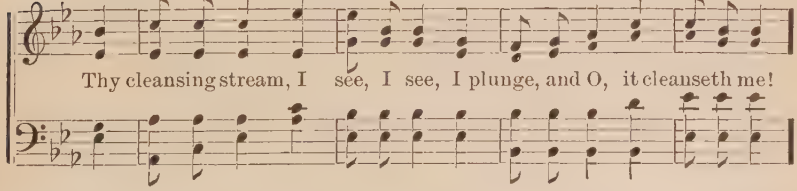


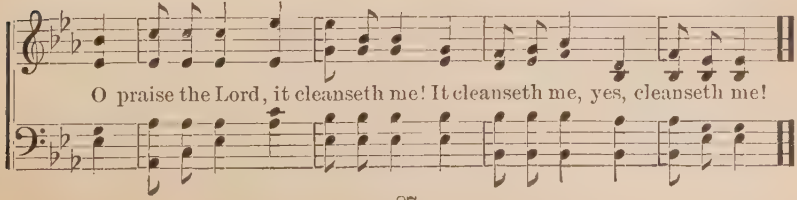

# No. 83. After Life's Toiling.

IDA L. REED. WAGNER. Arr. by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. There shall be rest for wea - ry feet, Rest af - ter toil - ing and
2. Fear not thy God doth see and know, What are the bur - dens that
3. Oh! gold-en dawn, Oh! hap - py day, Soon will we wel - come thy

joy af - ter tears, For souls op-pressed, it will be sweet Free from their
bow-eth thee down, Dost thou not hear the whis-per low? For - ward and
ra - di - ant light, Thy rays shall shine a - cross our way, Love will il-

sor - rows, their doubts and their fears. Rest - ing in Je - sus thro'
up - ward, my ser - vant press on, Waits for the vic - tor a
lu - mine thy path - way so bright, Lead - ing to heav - en safe

glad end-less years, Rest - ing in Je - sus thro' glad end-less years.
glo - ri - ous crown, Waits for the vic - tor a glo - ri - ous crown.
out of earth's night, Lead-ing to heav - en safe out of earth's night.

REFRAIN. *rit.....*

Glo-ry to God, In heav'n we'll meet, Af-ter life's toiling our rest will be sweet.

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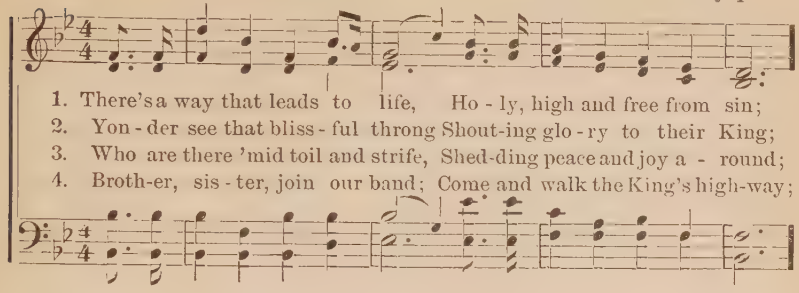
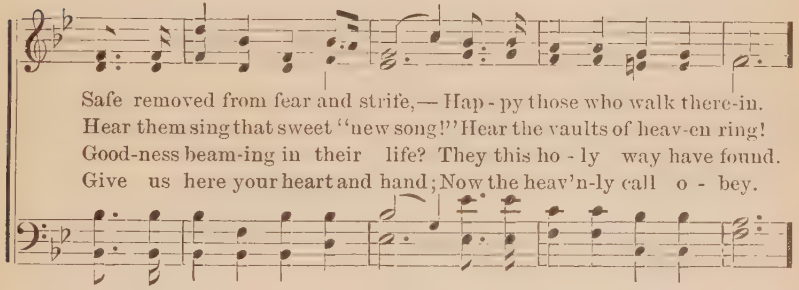
# No. 84. The Highway.

Pres. I. L. Kephart, D. D. S. C. Hanson. By per.

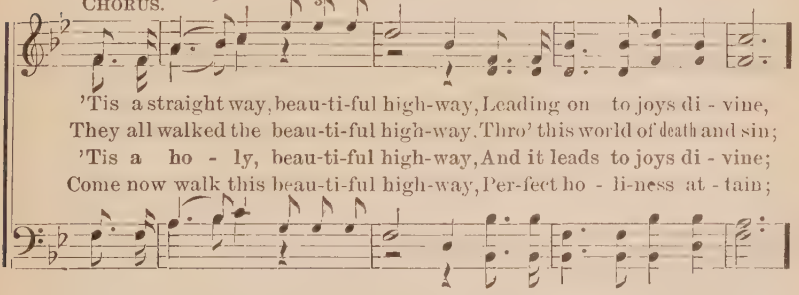


1. There's a way that leads to life, Ho - ly, high and free from sin;
2. Yon - der see that bliss - ful throng Shout-ing glo - ry to their King;
3. Who are there 'mid toil and strife, Shed-ding peace and joy a - round;
4. Broth-er, sis - ter, join our band; Come and walk the King's high-way;

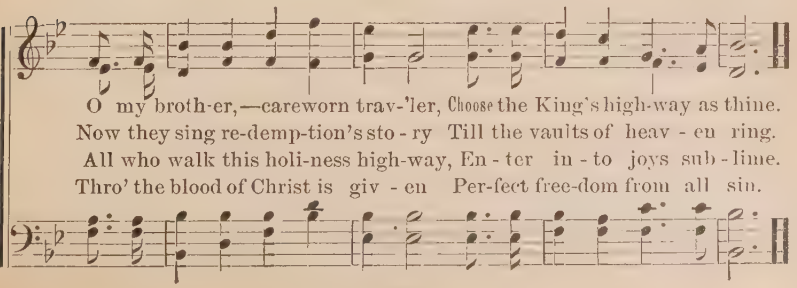


Safe removed from fear and strife,— Hap - py those who walk there-in.
Hear them sing that sweet "new song!" Hear the vaults of heav-en ring!
Good-ness beam-ing in their life? They this ho - ly way have found.
Give us here your heart and hand; Now the heav'n-ly call o - bey.

Chorus.



'Tis a straight way, beau-ti-ful high-way, Leading on to joys di - vine,
They all walked the beau-ti-ful high-way. Thro' this world of death and sin;
'Tis a ho - ly, beau-ti-ful high-way, And it leads to joys di - vine;
Come now walk this beau-ti-ful high-way, Per-fect ho - li-ness at - tain;



O my broth-er,—careworn trav-'ler, Choose the King's high-way as thine.
Now they sing re-demp-tion's sto - ry Till the vaults of heav - en ring.
All who walk this holi-ness high-way, En - ter in - to joys sub - lime.
Thro' the blood of Christ is giv - en Per-fect free-dom from all sin.

No. 85.

# United Praise.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. Geo. F. Rosche.

1. We glo - ri - fy, to - geth - er, our King's dear Name, For free - ly he re-deemed us from sin's great shame; We joy - ful-ly u - nite in the loud ac - claim: Ho -
2. We im - plore, all to - geth - er, his fa - vor sweet, That with his chos - en chil - dren we all may meet, And with them sing in Heav - en, be - fore his seat; Ho -
3. We stud - y, all to - geth - er, the Book di - vine, Whose words re-fresh and strength - en like bread and wine, And, like the oil of glad - ness, make man's face shine: Ho -

Chorus.

We praise Thee san - na be to Je - sus Name! We praise Thee Je - sus, Sav - ior,
san - na be to Je - sus Name!
san - na be to Je - sus Name!
We praise Thee

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Je - sus, Lord, we praise thee,

praise thee, Jesus, Savior, praise thee, Jesus, Savior, praise thee, Jesus, Sav-ior,

Je - - sus, Lord, we praise thee,

Praise thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, praise thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior,

Praise thee, Sav - ior, Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah.

## No. 86. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.

1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run,
2. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head:
3. People and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet per-fume, shall rise With ev'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voic - es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of earth are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

# No. 87. Thou canst Save.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan, C. A. Weiss.

1. In life's long-est, fierc-est bat-tle, Thou wilt res-cue,
2. When my lit-tle bark would foun-der, I will ev-er
3. When my faith, in tri-al, wav-ers, Has-ten, Lord! thine
4. Come what may, then, calm or tem-pest, Light or dark-ness,

Sav-ior mine; 'Mid the tem-pest's wild-est rav-ing,
call to thee; Thou who rul-est surg-ing bil-lows,
aid af-ford; Give me some sweet glimpse of Glo-ry,
joy or woe, By thy pres-ence, cheered, de-fend-ed,

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Chorus.

Thou canst hold me, Sav-ior mine. Thou canst save me,
Will my trust-y pi-lot be.
Speak some strength in-spir-ing word.
I shall fear no storm, nor foe. Thou canst save me,

Thou canst hold me, dearest Sav-ior, thou a-lone.

May I stand se-cure-ly ev-er, on the sure foun-da-tion stone.

# No. 88. The Beacon is Shining.

E. R. LATTA. C. G. SCHNEIDER.

1. The heav - en - ly bea - con is shin - ing, The dark - ness
2. The glo - ri - ous light in the Bi - ble, Is cast - ing
3. The bea - con is shin - ing for sin - ners, Is shin - ing
4. The heav - en - ly bea - con is shin - ing, O, chil - dren,

of sin to dis - pel, We need but to walk in its
its beams up - on me; And glad - ly I'll fol - low its
with soul cheer - ing ray, If on - ly they'll trust to its
its bright-ness be - hold, It leads to the Ca-naan a-

bright - ness, That we may in glo - ry dwell! We need but
guid - ance, Till I shall the an - gels see. And glad - ly
lead - ing, They shall not in er - rors stray. If on - ly
bove us, Whose glo - ries were nev - er told, It leads to

to walk in its bright - ness, That we may in glo - ry dwell.
I'll fol - low its guid - ance, Till I shall the an - gels see.
they'll trust to its lead - ing, They shall not in er - rors stray.
the Ca-naan a - bove us, Whose glo - ries were nev - er told.

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# No. 89. Returning Home.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. C. A. Weiss.

1. We have stray'd a - way from home, And have wan - der'd wide,
2. With our gar - ments torn and rent, And with wea - ry feet,
3. Fol - ly led our hearts a - stray, And our eyes made blind,
4. But our Fa - ther sent a Guide, That will lead us Home;

But we're striv - ing to re - turn To our Fa - ther's side.
Trust - ing in the Lead - er sent, With his smile so sweet.
We were on the downward way, And no help could find.
We are cling - ing to his hand,—Who - so will, may come.

Chorus.

We are bound..... for our Home,..... Where the
We're homeward bound, We're homeward bound,

sun..... ..... shines for aye..... ... Thence we'll
For - ev - er shines, For - ev - er shines.

go,..... no more to roam,.....
No more to roam, No more to roam,

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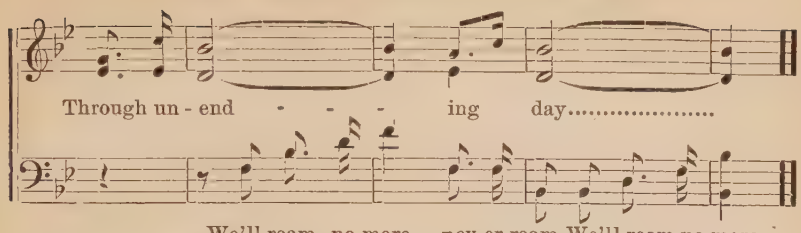
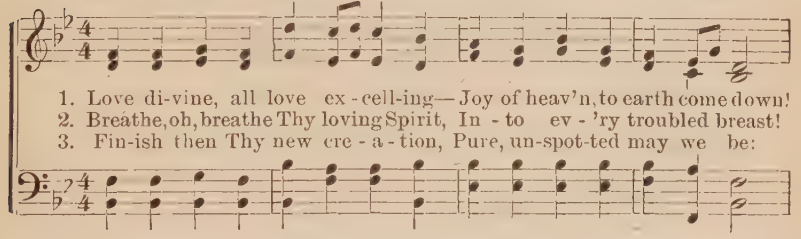
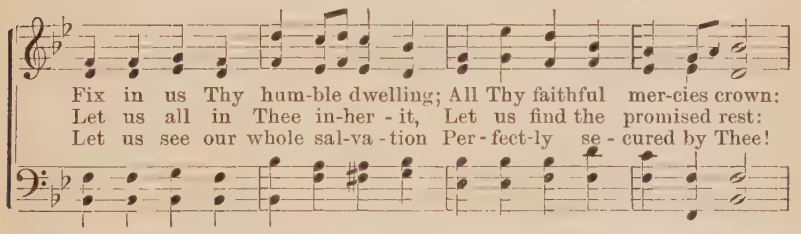
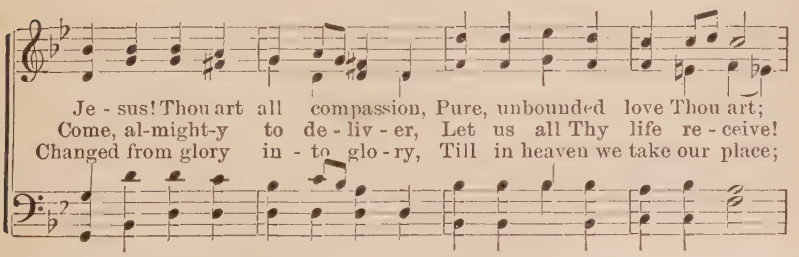


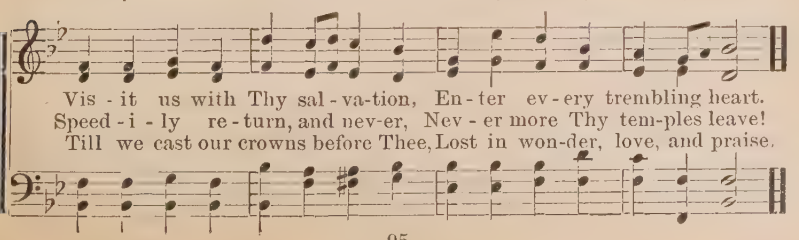

## No. 90. Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. J. ZUNDEL.



# No. 91. Longing for Heaven.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. C. A. Weiss.

1. I hear of the glo - ry of Heav - en, Wher-
2. I hear of the di - a - dems gold - en, All
3. I hear of the peace pass - ing knowl - edge, That

ev - er the sun shin - eth bright, Where God heal - eth all our dis-
crust-ed with jew - els so bright, Ac - cord - ed with shout-ings of
comes to the soul o - ver there, Of the Sab-bath un-ruf-fled by

eas - es, Where, per - fect - ly, saints all u - nite.
tri - umph, to those who stood firm in faith's fight.
sor - row, or sin - ning, or troub - le or care.

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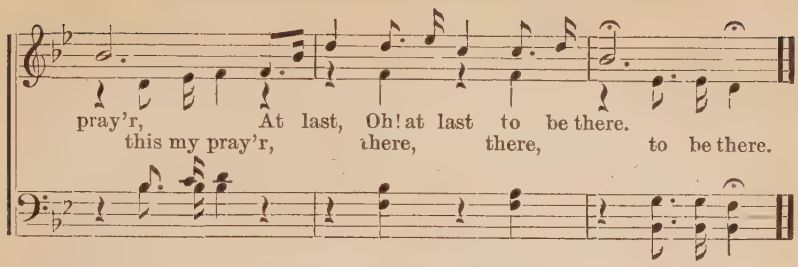
Chorus.

Oh, I long to be there, With
Oh, I long to be there

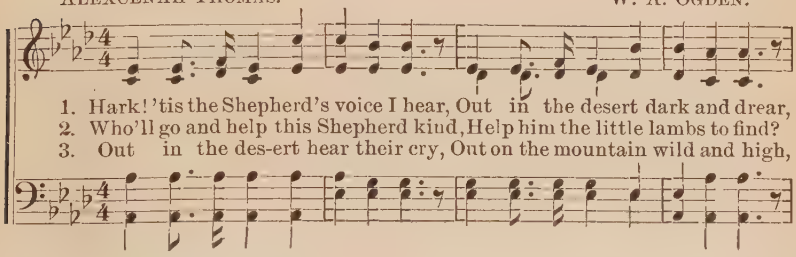
Je - sus in glo - ry to be, This my pray'r, dear-est
there, there, to be there! This my pray'r,

# Longing for Heaven.—Concluded.

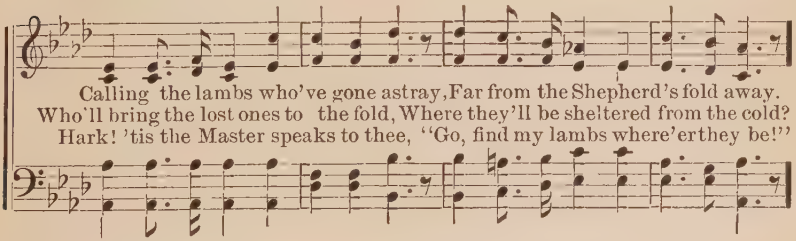



## No. 92. Bring Them In.

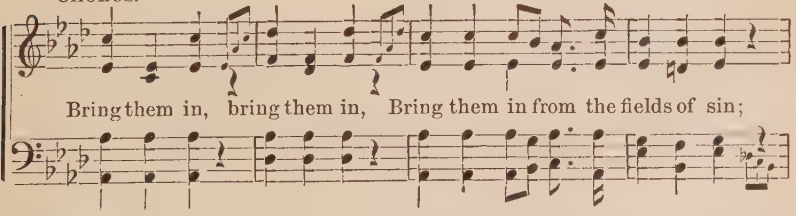
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

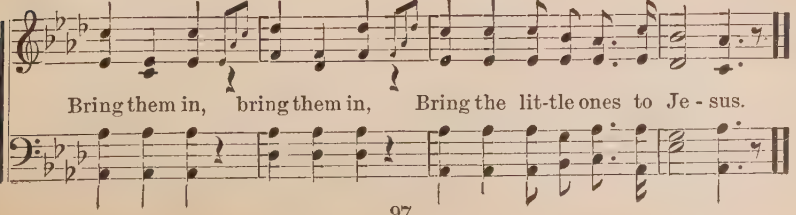



By per. of W. A. OGDEN




CHORUS.



# No. 93. Home, Bright Home.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

*Moderato.*

1. Oh, to serve him tru - ly, ful - ly, Loy - al still to be,
2. Tho' the war-fare here is griev-ous, Je - sus ev - er guides;
3. When the wi - ly tempt-er lures us, Je - sus then is near,
4. Val - iant sol-diers striv - ing ev - er, For that home in heav-en,

True to Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, By his par-don free.
We are hap - py in his shel - ter, Safe what-e'er be - tides.
Sa - tan flees from those who shun him, We need nev - er fear.
In the King-dom of the bless - ed, Home of the for - giv'n.

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CHORUS.

O home, bright home, Hap - py home in heav'n,
Home, bright home, O home, bright home, O

There we'd dwell in love for - ev - er With our sins for-

giv'n, With all our sins for giv'n.
With our sins for - giv'n,

# No. 94. His Promise.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Heave the an-chor, spread the sail, Breast the bil - lows, brave the gale;
2. Heave the an chor, moments fly! Souls are dy - ing, night is nigh;
3. Heave the an-chor! see the dawn! O'er the o - cean shines the morn;

Yonder shines the bless - ed har - bor, Bright beyond the storm-y sea,
See the wea-ry and the wretched, Drift-ing o'er the troubled wave,
And be-yond the break-ing bil-lows, Hail the fair and hap - py shore;

And the Pi - lot of sal - va - tion Waits to steer the course for thee.
Hoist the sig-nal of sal - va - tion Lost and dy - ing souls to save!
En - ter in the shin-ing ha - ven, Storms and dangers are no more.

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CHORUS.

Hear his promise, hear his promise, "All are safe, ..... who trust in me, ..... All are safe who trust in me."
Hear his promise, hear his promise, all are safe, in me.

# No. 95. Harps and Voices.

THOMAS KELLY. LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voic-es Sound the notes of praise a - bove,
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens All a-bove, and gives it worth,
3. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er! Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown,

Je - sus reigns and heav'n re-joic - es, Je-sus reigns, the God of love.
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth.
Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev-er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.

See, He sits on yonder throne, Je - sus rules the world alone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it all di - vine.
Hap-py objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.

See, He sits Jesus rules
When we think Lord, we own
Happy ob- Destined to

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

# No. 96. Come to Jesus, all ye Children.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

*Allegretto.*

1. Come to Je-sus, all ye chil-dren, He is call-ing, call-ing you;
2. Come to Je-sus, wait no lon-ger, In your childhood's hap-py day;
3. Come to Je-sus, He will bless you, Like the lit-tle ones of old,

Come "He plead-eth," in life's morn-ing, Be my lit-tle ser-vant true.
Ask his guid-ance, ask his coun-sel, He'll be with you all the way.
And will lead you on-ward, up-ward, In-to heav-en's shin-ing fold.

CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus, chil-dren, He is wait-ing for you, Come to

Je-sus ere the day is gone,..... While love's sunlight gladdens all the

heav-ens o'er you, Come to him in child-hood's gold en dawn.

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# No. 97. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

J. H. Arr.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Sav-ior, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;

Hap - py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day;
There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when weary, find sweet rest:
Oh, look down in love up - on me, Let me see thy face so sweet;

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past:
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is;

For his love has been so gra-cious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his fulness gath - er Grace and comfort ev-'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my righteousness.

# No. 98. In the Cross.

J. H. Leslie. By per.

*Allegro.*

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears an - noy,
3. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

Chorus.

In the cross, in the cross, In the cross of Christ I glo - ry;
In the cross, in the cross,

In the cross, in the cross, In the cross of Christ my Lord.
In the cross, in the cross,

# No. 99. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

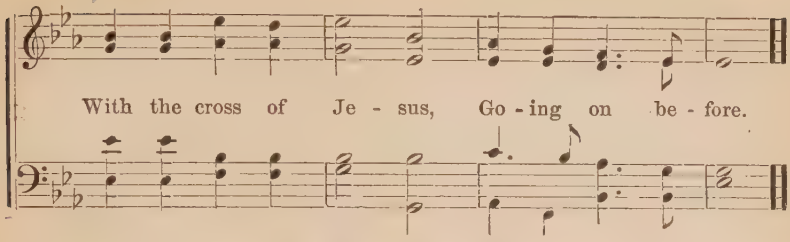
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the church of God: Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thorns may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of
4. Onward, then, ye faith-ful! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Constant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es, In the triumph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go!
All one bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un-to Christ the King: This, thro' endless a - ges, Men and angels sing.

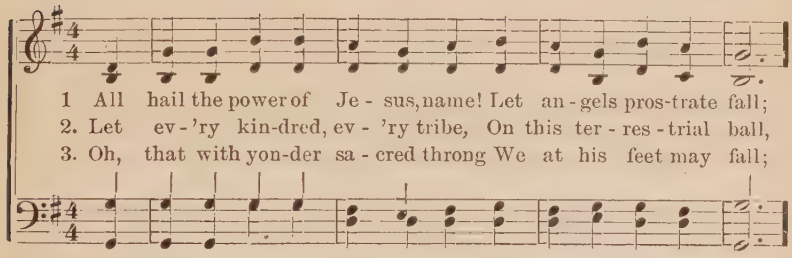
Chorus.

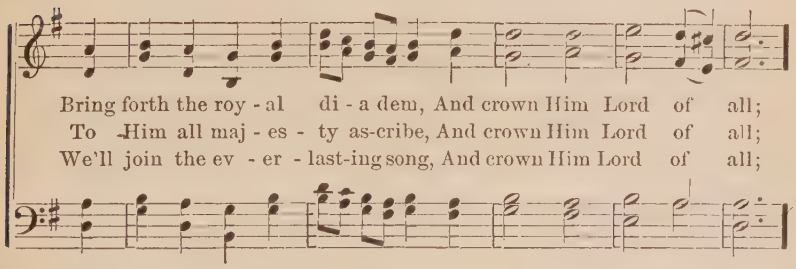
On - ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,

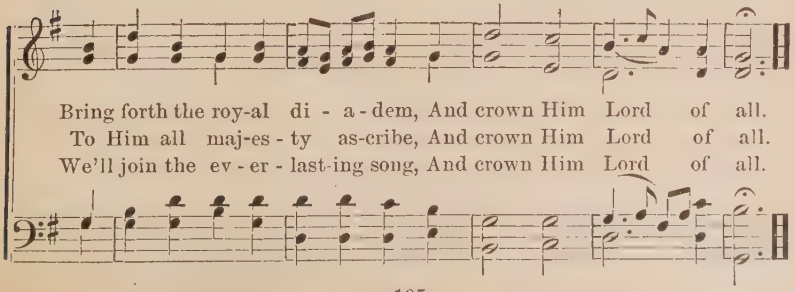



## No. 100. All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



# No. 101. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter. By per.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-

last - ing Arms, What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms, Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms, I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

Chorus.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - - ing,
Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms, Lean - ing,
leaning on Jesus, Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms.
lean - ing on Je - sus,

# No. 102. There They are Resting.

IDA L. REED. W. H. EISELE.

1. There is a fair sweet hap-py land, Whose blessful joys can ne'er be told,
2. They've passed beyond earth's toil and pain, To that dear home of love and light;
3. There, they the Father's face behold, And all their tears are wiped a-way,

D. C. *With-in that hap-py, hap - py land, Be-side life's smiling, sil-v'ry sea,*

*Fine.*

Where rest in peace a ser - aph band, Be-yond the gates of gold.
Grief ne'er can troub - le them a-gain, Or shroud them in its night.
Be - yond the gleaming gates of gold Thro' heav'n's e-ter - nal day.

*Dear Sav - ior, on that heav'n-ly strand, Our loved ones rest with thee.*

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CHORUS.

There they are rest - ing, Rest - ing on that
Rest-ing on the shore, on the gold-en shore,

*D. C.*

gold-en shore; There they are rest - ing, All life's toil-ing o'er,
Peacefully resting, joyfully resting

# No. 103. Sabbath Song.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. German. Arr. by Geo. F. Rosche.

1. Keep the Sab-bath ho - ly, Earth-ly cares put by,
2. Sab-bath bells are peal - ing, Sweet the mu-sic swells,
3. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Come with spir-it low - ly, Lift your hearts on high;
Wak - ing deep-est feel - ings, Joy to come, fore-tells:
Glo - ry to the Spir - it, Ho - ly Three in One;

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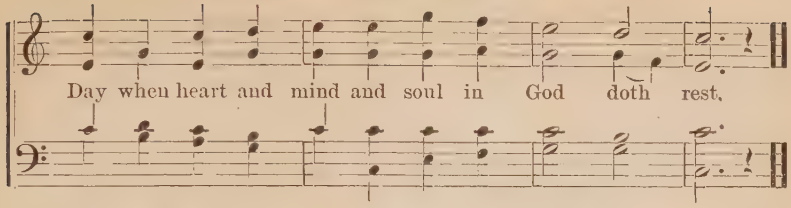
In his tem-ple sa - cred Sing, and hum-bly pray;
When our souls in - her - it Yon "land far a - way,"
Hail O bless-ed Sab - bath, Day of days most dear;

With thy friends and kin - dred Hail the bless-ed day.
Naught shall dim or lim - it Heav'n's bright Sab-bath day.
Day the tri - une God-head Bids man-kind re - vere.

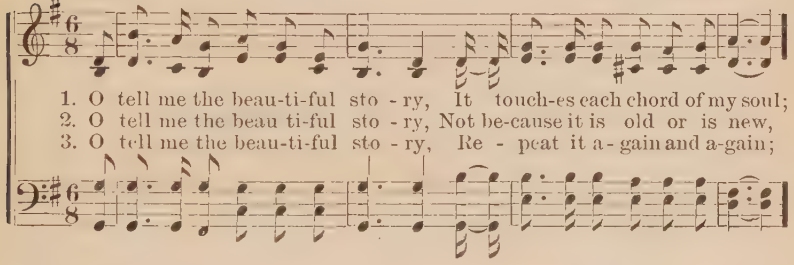
Chorus.

Bless - ed ho - ly day, day of all the best;




## No. 104. O Tell me the Beautiful Story.

L. B. M. L. B. MITCHELL.

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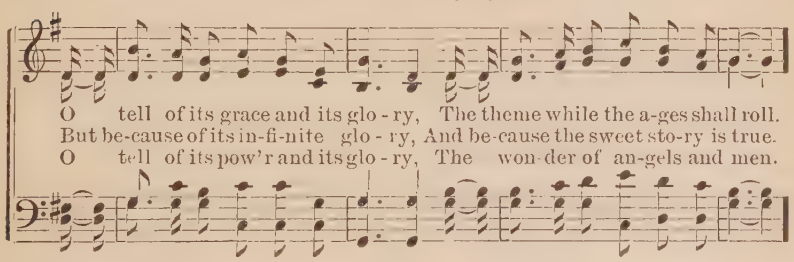
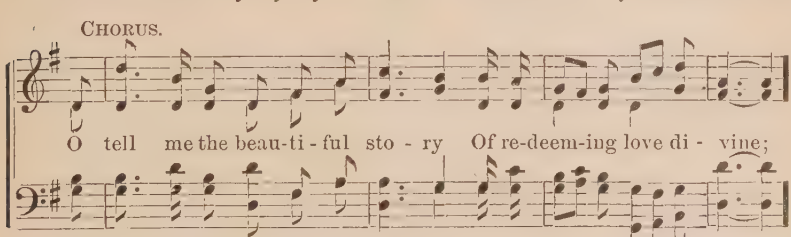
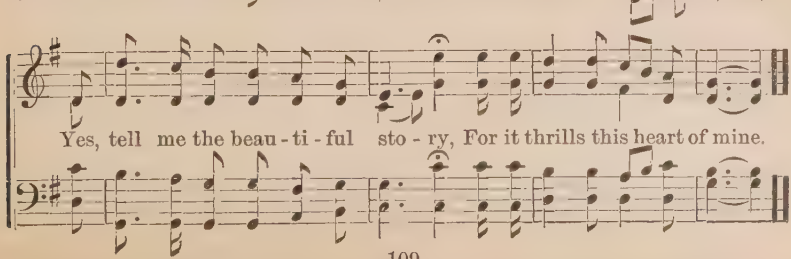



CHORUS.



# No. 105. O Sinner! What Then will You Do?

L. W. L. WHITE.

1. Soon the reap - ers will come in their might, At morn-ing, at noon or at night, And will gath-er the faith-ful and true; O sin-ner, what then will you do?
2. Soon the an - gel of death at your door Will knock, and your days shall be o'er, When the time of pro - ba-tion is through; O do in that day, When the chaff shall be driv-en a - way; Since the
3. When the trum-pet from heav - en shall sound Its thun-der - ing ech - oes a - round, And shall sum-mon; the mill-ions to view; O Mas - ter has taught that you heav-en to gain, "Ye must be born a - gain?"
4. When the Lord shall de - scend for His Bride, With an - gels in white at his side; Will He say, "I have nev-er known you?" O

CHORUS.

O sin-ner, what then will you

# No. 106. Wonderful Words.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me. Won-der-ful words of life,
2. Christ, the bless-ed One gives to all Won-der-ful words of life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty.
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

Chorus.

Beau-ti - ful words, won-der-ful words, Wonder-ful words of life;

Beau-ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won-der-ful words of life.

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# No. 107. We'll make Our Heaven here, below.

L. B. MITCHELL. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

*Allegretto.*

1. We'll make our heav-en here, be-low, This home more blest and sweet;
2. Let earth be as when win-ter's past, With all its chill-ing days;
3. We'll make our heav-en here, be-low, That hearts may all be glad,
4. In all the paths and lanes of life With whom we chance to meet,

Let love and cheer wher-e're we go Bring joy to all we meet.
And love-ly spring-time reigns at last And birds at-tune their lays.
That by our lives no one may know The sor-rows of the soul.
Be it our aim to ban-ish strife, And all with kind-ness greet.

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CHORUS.

We'll make our heav-en here, be-low, O bless-ed, glo-ri-ous plan!

And ev-er strive to make it so By do-ing all we can.

# No. 108. Land of Golden Sunshine.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. 'Tis a glo - rious throng who have crossed the flood And have reached the sun - lit shore, And our hearts can say that such loved as they Are not lost but gone be - fore. In the land..... of gold - en sun - shine, They are hap - py now, and re-joic - ing, bow, With the ho - - ly throng of an - gels, Shin-ing crowns up-on their brow.
2. As they jour-neyed here, they were oft - en sad, At the tri - als by the way; But they're now at home and for-ev - er glad In the light of end - less day.
3. And we soon will go to the same bright home And the same bright sun will shine, And the light of love in our hearts will glow With a splen - dor all di - vine. In the land of gold - en sun - shine, With the ho - ly throng of an - gels,

CHORUS.

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# No. 109. Up! for Jesus Stand.

J. H. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Sol - diers of th'e-ter - nal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing,
2. La - bel it on ev - 'ry door, Place it high the pul - pit o'er,
3. Place it on the chiseled stone, Where the mourners weep a - lone;

Let it thro' the church-es ring, Up! for Je - sus stand.
Let it stand for - ev - er - more, Up! for Je - sus stand.
'Grave it on the mon-arch's throne! Up! for Je - sus stand.

Write it on the tem-ple's spire, Ut - ter it with tongues of fire,
Bla - zon it in man-sion halls, Pen - cil it on pris - on walls;
Let the press, whose wheels of might Roll for reason and for right,

Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je - sus stand.
Do and dare, as du - ty calls; Up! for Je - sus stand.
Flash it on the na - tion's sight; Up! for Je - sus stand.

Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je - sus, Je - sus stand.
Do and dare as du - ty calls; Up! for Je - sus, Je - sus stand.
Flash it on the na-tion's sight; Up! for Je - sus, Je - sus stand.

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# Up! for Jesus Stand—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Up! for Je - sus stand, Up! for Je - sus stand;
Je - sus stand, Je - sus stand.

Speed the watchword, give it wing, And Up! for Je - sus stand.

# No. 110. Be Thou our Guide.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Dear Sav - ior at thy feet we fall, Hear thou our prayer we pray,
2. Guide thou in love, dear Lord, our feet, We bow to thy strong will,
3. Like err-ing chil-dren, Sav-ior, we Come and our faults con-fess,
4. Oh, teach us ev - er to o - bey, Thy light-est wish, dear Lord,

Our strength without thy help is small, Be with us day by day.
All gifts from out thy hand are sweet, Be ours thy mer - cy still.
Yes, all our hearts are known to thee, Wilt thou not heal and bless.
And guide our foot-steps day by day, By thy most ho - ly word.

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# No. 111. Saving Faith.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN. W. A. OGDEN.

*Spirited.*

1. Paul and Si - las, bound in chains, Trust-ed in the Lord,...
2. Saints who won the mar-tyr's crown, Trust-ed in the Lord;...
3. All the white-rob'd, ransom'd host, Trust-ed in the Lord;...
the Lord;

Pe - ter in the pris - on cell, Found an an - gel guard;
Heav'n they gain'd thro' fire and blood, Trust - ing in the Lord;
We, like they, our way pur - sue, Trust - ing in the Lord;

DUET.

Faith will save you, trust in God;
Come, ac - cept the prom - ise sure,
Man - ful - ly we on - ward press,

CHORUS.

Foes in vain as - sail.....
Foes in vain as - sail;.....
Foes in vain as - sail,.....
as-sail

DUET.

Fear no ill at home, a-broad,
Brave - ly to the end en-dure,
In the time of great - est stress

CHORUS.

God will nev-er fail....
He will nev-er fail....
God will nev-er fail....

CHORUS.

Be - lieve!... be - lieve!... faith will save your soul,...
Be-lieve! be-lieve! your soul,

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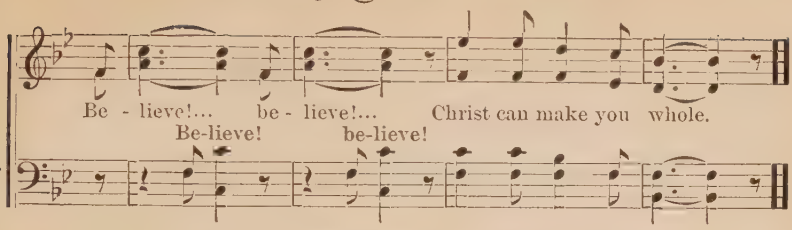
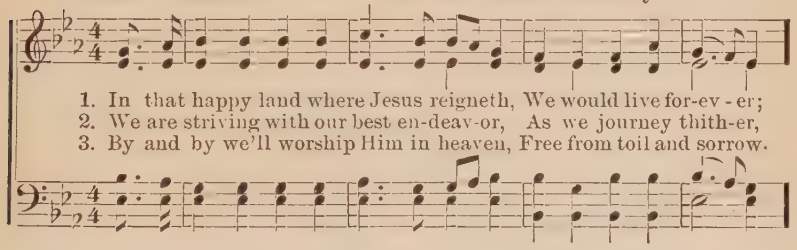
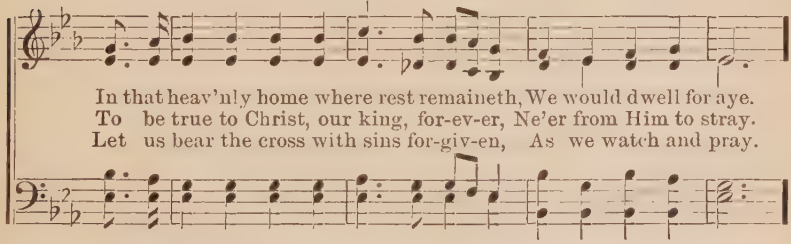



## No. 112. Our Heavenly Home.

LAURA E. NEWELL. Arr from VERDI. Chorus by G. F. R.

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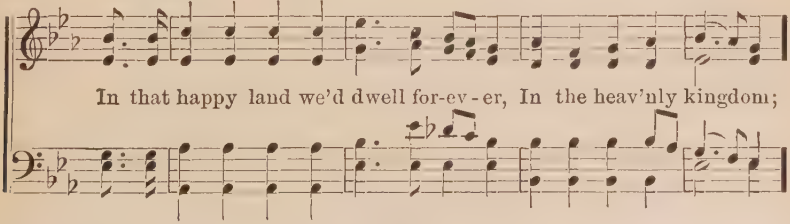
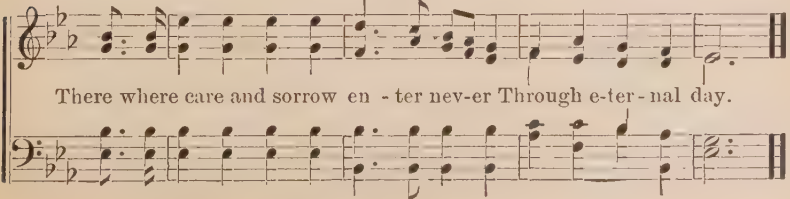
CHORUS.



# No. 113. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our Refuge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

# No. 114. Sabbath Chimes.

LAURA E. NEWELL. (For the Little Ones.) GEO. F. ROSCHE.

*Moderato.* (Bells.) (Bells.)

1. Ring, ring, ring, ring, Joy - ous- ly, loud - ly ring, Ding, dong,
2. Ring, ring, ring, ring, Mes - sag - es ho - ly, ring, Ding, dong,
3. Ring, ring, ring, ring, Cheer - i - ly, glad - ly ring, Ding, dong,

*cres.*

ding, dong, Hope - ful ly, blithe-ly sing, Chim-ing your mu - sic in
ding, dong, Plead-ing-ly, soft - ly sing, Pre-cious your message of
ding, dong, Trust - ful-ly greet-ings sing, Je - sus is wait - ing to

*dim.*

ac - cent so ten - der. And earn - est - ly sum - mon-ing all,
Je - sus 'our Sav - ior. Ye, Wan - der - ers, gra - cious - ly call,
wel - come his chil - dren, He lov - ing - ly par - don - eth all,

(Bells.)

Ring, ring, ring, ring, Heav - en - ly ti - dings bring.
Ring, ring, ring, ring, Heav - en - ly ti - dings bring.
Ring, ring, ring, ring, Heav - en - ly ti - dings bring.

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# No. 115. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is-es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than
2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je-sus hath shown; Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov-ing words, "Come un-to me," Wea-ry, heav-y

an-y mes-sage man ev-er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
an-y love that mor-tals have known, Kind to the err-ing one,
lad-en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom-is-es,

Sin-less I see; He the great ex-am-ple is, and
Faith-ful is he; He the great ex-am-ple is and
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up-on the Sav-ior, and thy

pat-tern for me. Where..... He leads I'll
pat-tern for me.
soul is se-cure. Where He leads I'll fol-low,

Copyright, 1895, by W. A. OGDEN. By per.

# Where He Leads I'll Follow—Concluded.

fol - - - low, Fol - - low all the
where He leads I'll fol - low, fol - low all the way, yes,

way, Where..... He leads I'll
fol - low all the way. Where he leads I'll fol-low,

fol - - - low, Fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
Where He leads I'll fol-low,

# No. 116. Our Father, who art in Heaven.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hal-lowed be thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- liv - er us from evil;

thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven;
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a- gainst us.
for thine is the kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glory, for ever. A - men.

# No. 117. Oh! Free is Salvation.

LAURA E. NEWELL. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Oh! free is sal - va - tion, All lands, ev - 'ry na - tion, May come to the Sav-ior, Sweet rest He doth give, He calls: "Come ye wea - ry," Life need not be drear - y, If ye will but look to Christ Je - sus and live. Oh! free..... is sal - va - - tion, Re-joice..... ev - 'ry na - - tion, Take Christ..... as your cit - y of gold.

2. Oh! earth, sing in glad - ness, And van - ish all sad - ness. The morning star gleameth, Its beau - ty be - hold. Ye lost, it will guide you, What - ev - er be - tide you, But fol - low and en - ter the glad par - a - dise. Oh! free is sal - va - tion, Re-joice ev - 'ry na - tion, Take Christ

3. With hearts of thanks-giv - ing, Re - joice, all ye liv - ing, For free is sal - va - tion, The pearl of great price: Your own you may cher-ish, Ye nev - er may per - ish, But en - ter tri - um-phant-ly,

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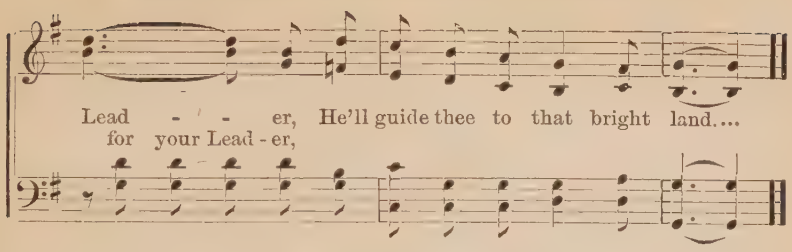
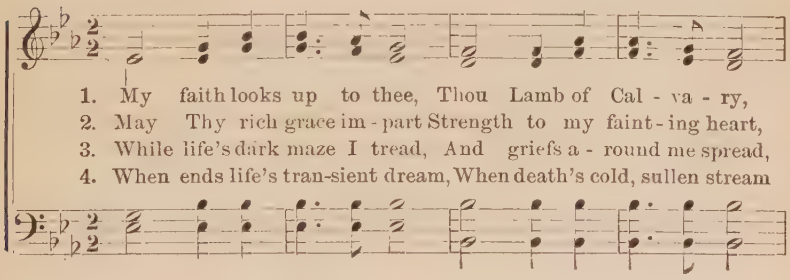
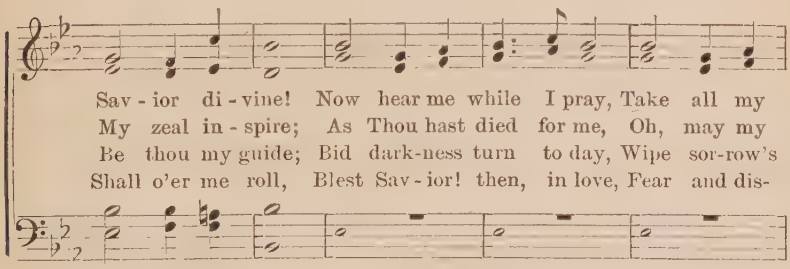
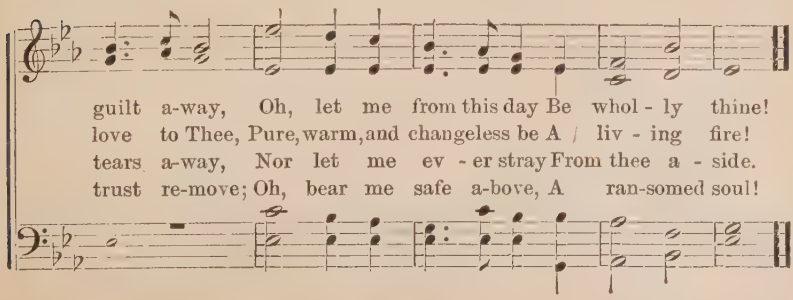



## No. 118. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



# No. 119. Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

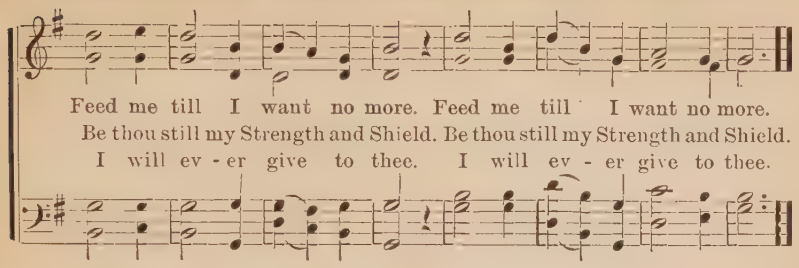
W. WILLIAMS. V. FLOTOW.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen thou the crys - tal foun-tain Whence the heal-ing streams do
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-

land; I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy
flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my
side; Death of death! and hell's De struc-tion! Land me safe on

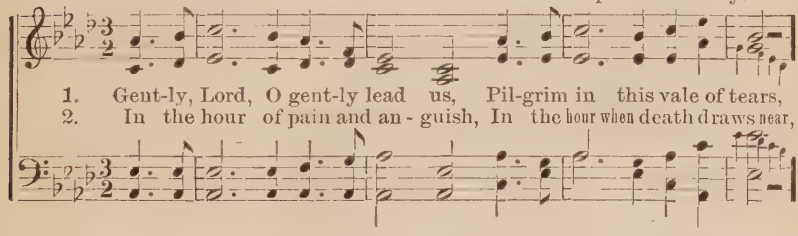
pow'r-ful hand. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me
jour - ney thro'. Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be thou
Canaan's side. Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will

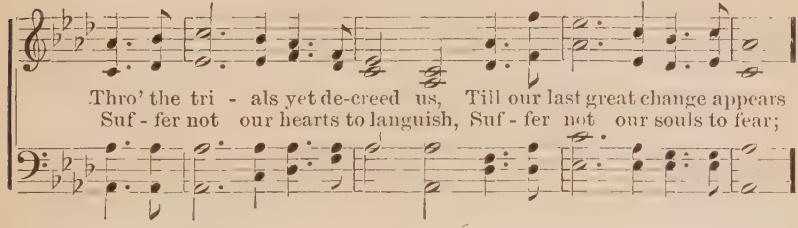
till I want no more. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
still my Strength and Shield. Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer
ev - er give to thee. Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es

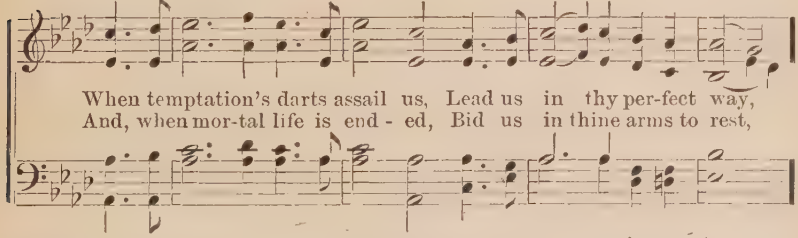


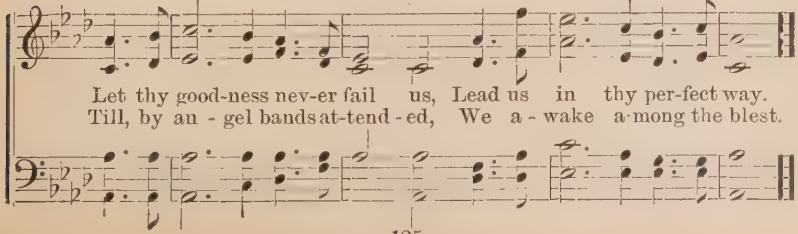

## No. 120. Gently, Lord, O Gently.

THOMAS HASTINGS. Spanish Melody.



# No. 121. Out of Darkness cometh Light.

WILLIAM HENRY GARDNER. EDWIN J. WALKER.

1. Out of sor - row, com-eth gladness, Out of dark-ness com-eth light,
2. Out of weak-ness com-eth courage, Strength'ning us to do the right.
3. Out of long - ing comes ful-fill-ment, With its bliss and hap-pi-ness,
4. Out of griev - ing comes re-joic-ing, With its glo-rious hymns of praise,

And the gold - en beams of morn-ing Com - eth aft - er drear-y night.
From de-spair-ing com-eth hop - ing, With its bless-ed bea-con light.
Making hearts cast down with anguish, Lose their pain and heav-i-ness.
Fill-ing all the earth with mu - sic, Ev - er bless-ing all our days.

Copyright, 1891, by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

REFRAIN.

When the drear-y night is o - ver, Then will dawn the gold-en day;

Out of sor - row com-eth gladness, Thus, the lov - ing Father's way.

# No. 122. Jesus is King on the Great White Throne.

E. R. LATTA. C. A. WEISS.

1. The Lamb of God, from sin so free, Oh, what He bore for you and me, By Sa - tan buf - fet - ed and tried, By those he came to save, de-nied! Oh, nev - er - more shall these be known! Je-sus is King on the Great White Throne! Oh, never-more shall these be known! Je - sus is King on the Great White Throne.

2. Oh, what the depths of ag - o - ny He suf - fered, in Geth-sem - a - ne! And hear the cru - el taunt and jest, As thorn-y crown his forehead pressed, Oh, nev - er - more the pang and moan, Je-sus is King on the Great White Throne! Oh, never-more the pang and moan, Je - sus is King on the Great White Throne.

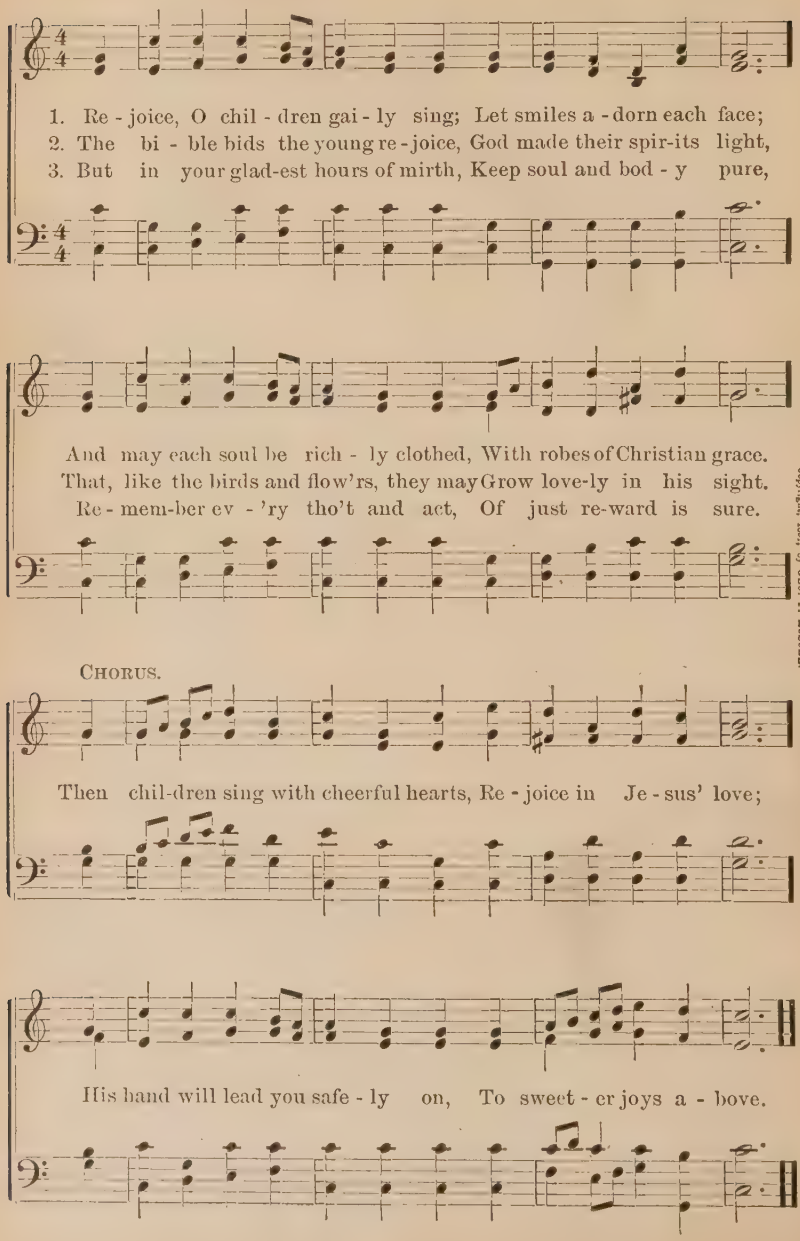
3. Up - on the cross con-demned to die, I see my Lord and hear his cry! Oh, wound-ed hands, and feet and side! For me, my Lord was cru - ci - fied! Oh, nev - er - more shall! he a - tone! Je-sus is King on the Great White Throne! Oh, never-more shall he a - tone! Je - sus is King on the Great White Throne.

*ff* *rit.*

Copyright, 1891, by GEO. F. ROSCHIE.

# No. 123. Children Rejoice.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. W. A. Ogden.




Copyright, 1891, by Geo. F. Roeche.

# No. 124. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my long-ings, As noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams, I love to tell the sto-ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto-ry; For some have nev-er heard The mes - sage of sal- va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.

4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest, And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

# No. 125. The Same Sweet Story.

Mrs. Adaline H. Beery. Geo. F. Roschе.

1. We sing of Christ our Sav - ior, And how he came be - low
2. We sing the gra - cious par - don That brought us to the light;
3. We sing his crown - ing mer - cy, His death to make us free;

To build his bless - ed king - dom And seeds of good - ness sow.
And how he helps his ser - vants Who trust his love and might.
His glo-rious res - ur - rec - tion, Blest hope for you and me.

Copyright, 1891, by Geo. F. Roschе.

Chorus.

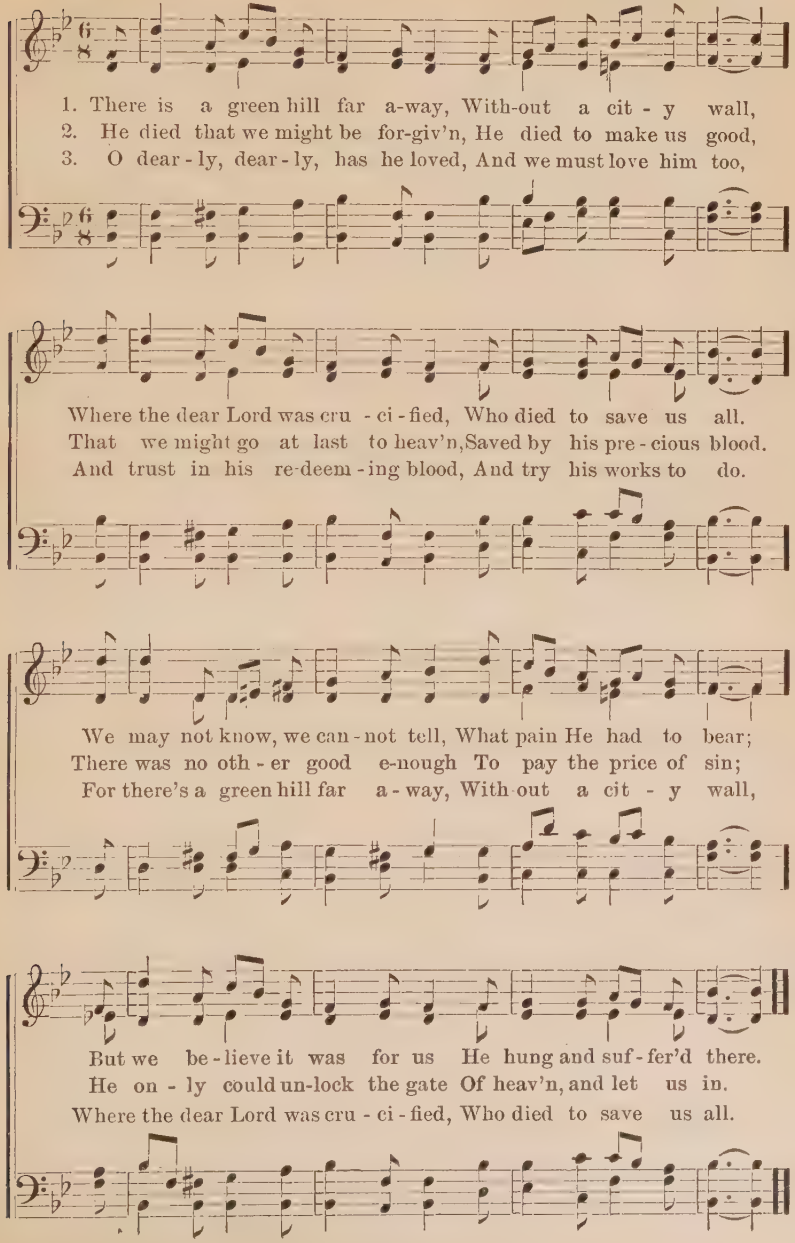
We sing on earth his glo - ry, And when in heav'n we share,

*Repeat Chorus pp.*

We'll sing with hal - le - lu - jahs The same sweet sto - ry there.

# No. 126. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. Richard Storrs Willis.



# No. 127. Marching in the King's Highway.

SALLIE A. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the way cast up for the ransomed, By countless mill-ions trod,
2. In the way cast up for the ransomed, What constant joy we know;
3. In the way cast up for the ransomed, By fountains cool and sweet,
4. In the way cast up for the ransomed, Our pil-grim journey past,

In the way of life ev-er-last-ing, We're marching home to God.
For the King himself, our re-deem-er, Is with us while we go.
We are gent-ly led by the Sav-ior To rest our wea-ry feet.
We shall see the King in his beau-ty And dwell with him at last.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN R. SWENEY. By per.

CHORUS.

March-ing, march-ing, Marching in the Kings highway;
Marching, marching, onward marching, we're marching,

March-ing, march-ing Onward to the realms of day.
Marching, marching, marching, marching,

# No. 128. The Child in the Midst.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. When Je - sus was asked by his ser-vants one day, Who great-est in
2. Tho' hon - or and rich - es may bright-en our way, And friends gather
3. God bless-es the chil-dren be - cause they are pure, And all may be

heav-en should be, He beckoned a lit - tle one to him and said,
round with their cheer, Ex - cept we are will-ing the poor - est to serve,
such by his grace; Thro' crosses and cares we may rise to his throne,

CHORUS.

Such on - ly shall en - ter with me. O Mas - ter, re-deem us from
No wel - come to heaven we'll hear.
And shine in the light of his face.

hard-ness and pride, And make us a child in thy sight; With meekness and

trust may our bo - som be filled, And love guide our ac-tions a - right.

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# No. 129. Lovingly, Tenderly Calling.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Call - eth thee now to come
2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Gave His dear life for thee;
3. Lin - ger-ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are a-broad to - day,

In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room;
Ten - der - ly now He's call - ing, "Wan-der - er, come to Me";
Seek-ing the sheep who're stray-ing, Seek-ing the lambs to slay;

Come in the strength of man - hood, Come in the morn of youth,
Haste, for with - out is dan - ger, Come, cries the Shepherd blest,
Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep-herd, Call - eth thee now to come

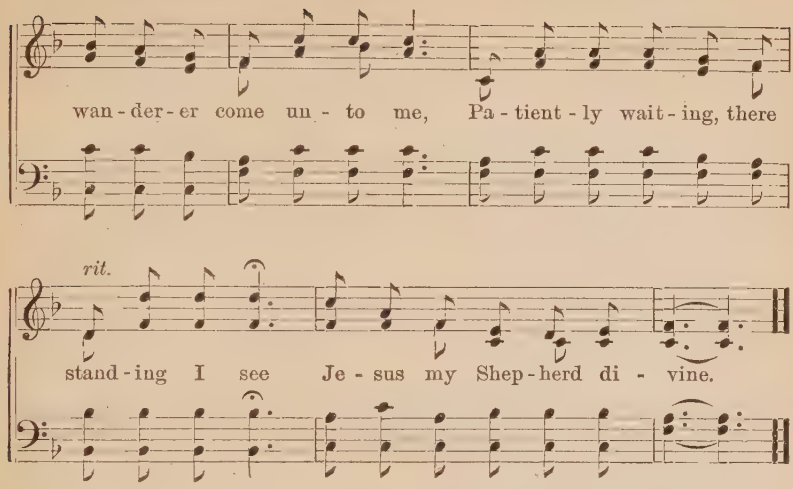
By Per. W. A. OGDEN.

En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of truth.
En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest.
In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

CHORUS. Arranged.

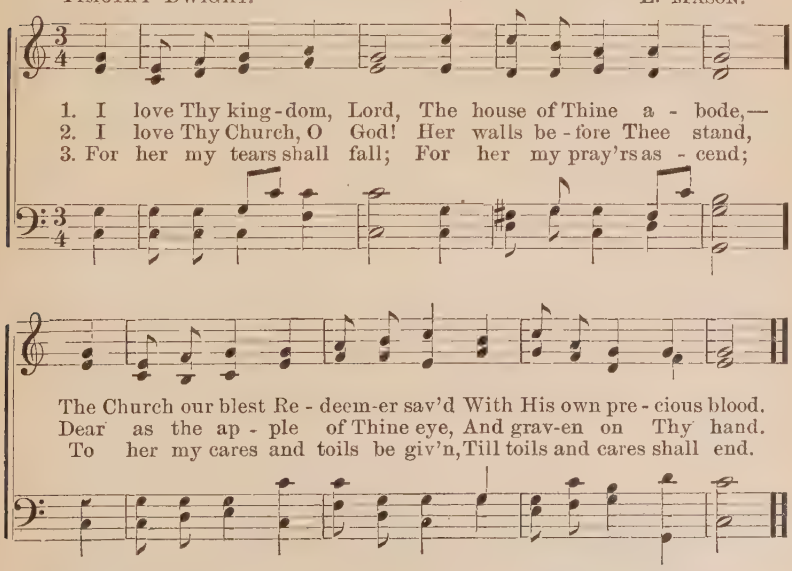
Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing is He; Wan - der - er,

# Lovingly, Tenderly Calling—Concluded.




## No. 130. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. L. MASON.




4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

# No. 131. Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. Wm. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my- self, and what-ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humb - ly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing: I see thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Copyright, 1874, by W. G. FISCHER. By per.

# No. 132. God for Us.

BUGLE PRELUDE. (An American National Hymn.) C. C. CONVERSE.

*f Spiritedly.*

*f Spiritedly. March Style.*

1. God for us,— Our na-tion's hope is sure; God for us,—Our na-tion shall en-dure. His the praise For our pros-per-i-ty; His for peace and for u-ni-ty. North and South, and East and West, Sing God and Un-ion, Home and Lib-er-ty, God for us.
2. Hand in hand We form the na-tion's bounds; God for us, The na-tion's song re-sounds. With one flag O'er land and lake and sea; One in heart, one in lib-er-ty.
3. God for us, Our un-ion e'er shall be, Peace, good-will, A true fra-ter-ni-ty. Un-ion's might, When God the lead-er is, Wins for free-dom all vic-to-ries.

CHORUS.

*ff*

Copyright, 1887, by C. C. CONVERSE. By per

*f* BUGLE INTERLUDE. I.

*f* BUGLE INTERLUDE. II.

# No. 133. To Thee dear Lord, I lift my Soul.

IDA L. REED. A. BEIRLY.

1. To thee dear Lord I lift my soul, To thee for peace I fly,
2. I know thine arm is sure and strong, And I con-tent would lean
3. I know not where my path may trend, What thorny wastes beside;

When tempests break and thunders roll, And clouds ob-scure life's sky,
Up - on it all the way a - long, Thro'-out life's changing scene;
But if thou'd on - ly hold my hand, I will be sat - is - fied;

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For thou wilt teach me to en-dure, What - ev - er they may bring,
I can - not keep the path a - lone, And I must trust to thee,
Yes, glad to leave all else to thee, Thro' all life's fit - ful day,

And there is ref - uge sweet, se - cure, Be - neath thy shelt'ring wing.
Thou gracious Lord, thou mighty One, Thou'rt strength and life to me.
To know that thou my guide wilt be Who see - est all the way.

# To Thee dear Lord, I lift my Soul—Concluded.

CHORUS.

To thee dear Lord I lift my soul, To thee for peace I fly,

Where loud and wild the thun ders roll, And clouds obscure the sky.

# No. 134. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on the way,

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds new lus - tre to the day.

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleaure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure
Joys that through all time abide.

5. In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time.
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

# No. 135. Oh! Hear us, Dear Jesus.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh! hear us, dear Je-sus, And make us to know The ten - der com-
2. With life all be-fore us, Its tri - als and woes, Its dreadful temp-
3. May thy bless-ed an-gels, Our steps e'er at-tend, To cheer us in

pas - sion, all Chris-tians should show, Preserve us from e - vil, And
ta - tions and bit - ter - est foes; Un - less thou dost aid us, We
dark-ness, to warn and de-fend; To com - fort in sor-row, When

help us to be, In word, tho't and ac - tion, o - be - dient to thee.
sure - ly shall fail, For no hu - man suc - cor, to save, can a - vail.
err - ing, to chide, And lead us tri-umph-ant, to sit, at thy side.

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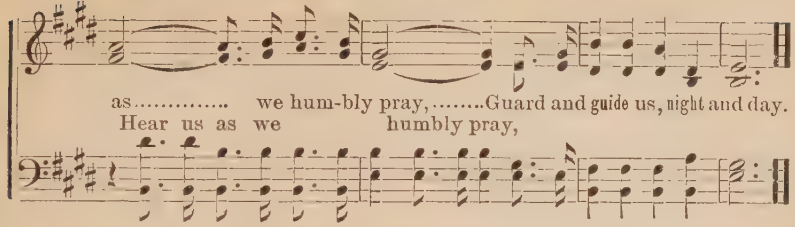
Chorus.

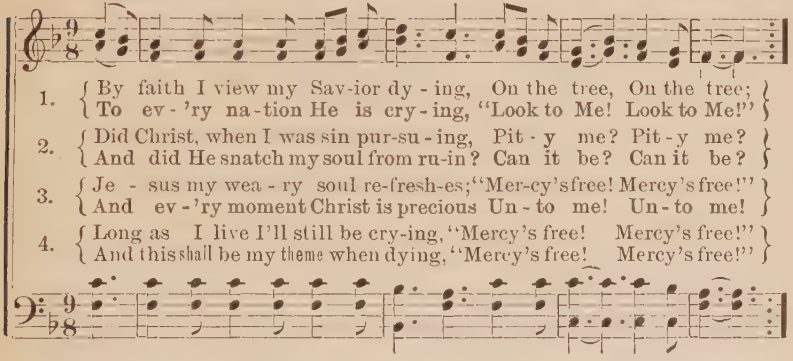
Je - sus we..... ..... thy word be - lieve,..... Now our
Je - sus we word be-lieve,

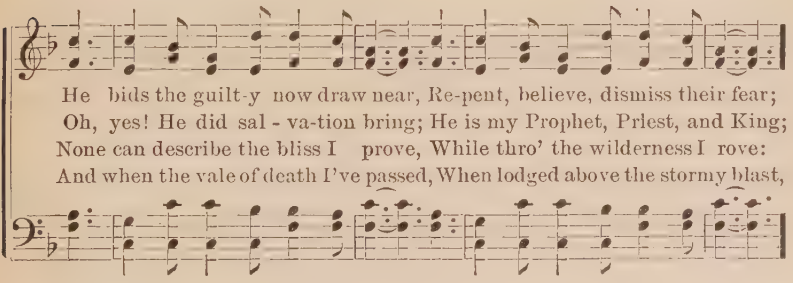
ear - - - nest thanks re - ceive;..... Hear us
Now our ear - nest thanks re-ceive;

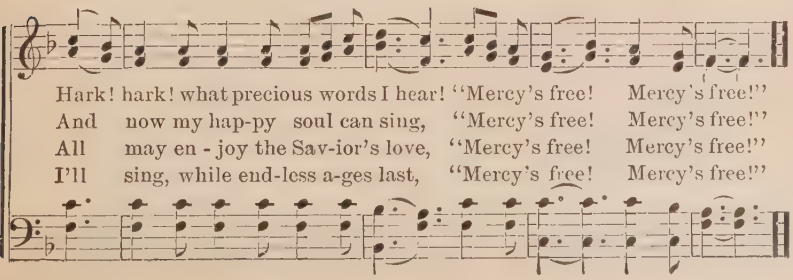



## No. 136. Mercy's Free.

R. JUKES. AUBER.



# No. 137. Keep me near to Thee, dear Savior.

J. A. GARDNER. C. C. CONVERSE.

*mf Moderato.*

1. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-ior, ev-er keep me near to Thee,
2. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-ior, ev-er keep me near to Thee,

I am weak and prone to wan-der, Je-sus, keep me near to Thee!
I am thine and thine for-ev-er, Je-sus, keep me near to Thee!

*cres.*

Keep me from all doubt and dan-ger, keep me from all fear and blame,
Keep me un-der Thy pro-tec-tion and the shad-ow of Thy wings;

Keep me from all strife and an-ger, keep me from all sin and shame.
Keep from tri-al and cor-rec-tion, keep from lov-ing earth-ly things.

CHORUS.

*p*

Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-ior, ev-er keep me near to Thee!

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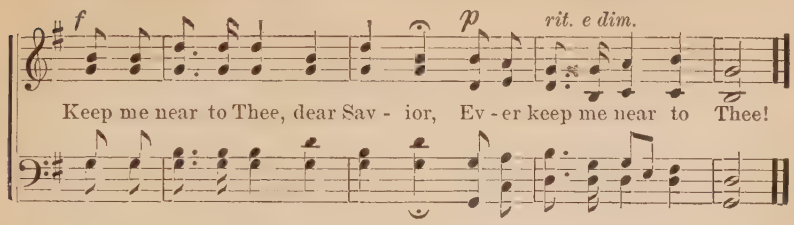
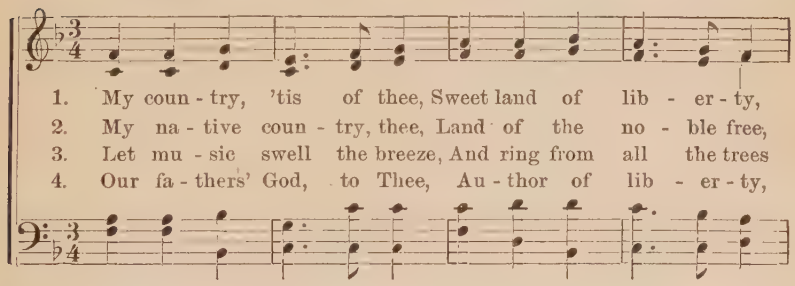
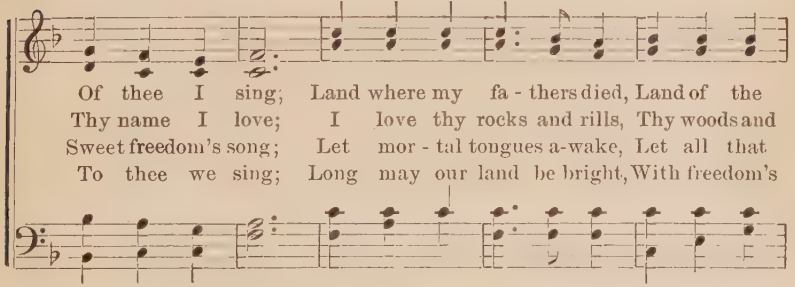
## Keep me near to Thee, dear Savior—Concluded.

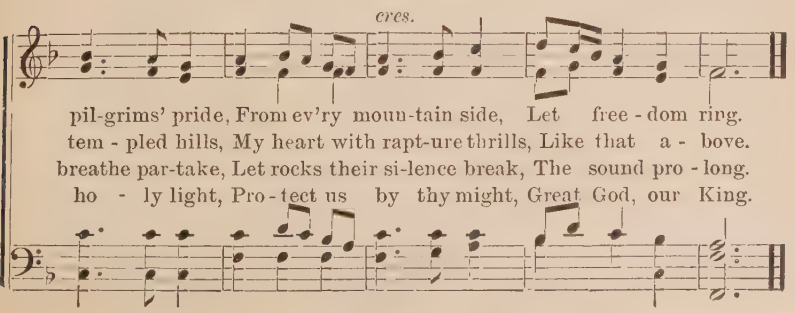



## No. 138. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith.



# No. 139. I will Wait Upon the Lord.

IDA L. REED. C. A. WEISS.

1. I will wait up-on the Lord, For from him all bless-ings come,
2. I will wait up-on the Lord, He my sure de-fence shall be,
3. I will wait up-on the Lord, Keep his prom-is-es in view,

Trust-ing in his ho-ly word, Till he calls me to his home.
All a-long life's rug-ged road, I his lov-ing care shall see.
Dai-ly at his throne of love, I my strength will e'er re-new.

I will wait on thee,

I will wait on thee; I will wait on thee,

I will wait on thee,

I will wait up-on the Lord.

CHORUS.

Trust - - ing thy ho - - ly word. Trust - - ing thy

Yes, in thy ho-ly word, thy ho-ly word, Thy blessed word, thy

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# I will Wait Upon the Lord—Concluded.

ho - - - ly word, Till thou shalt

bless - ed, ho - ly word, Till thou shalt call me

call me to my fair home.

to my home a - bove, my fair sweet home a - bove.

## No. 140. How do Thy Mercies.

C. Wesley.

1. How do thy mer-cies close me round! For - ev - er be thy name a-dored;
2. In - ured to pov - er - ty and pain, A suf-f'ring life my Master led;
3. But lo! a place he hath pre-pared For me, whom watchful an-gels keep;
4. Je - sus pro-tects; my fears, be gone; What can the Rock of A-ges move?

I blush in all things to a-bound; The ser-vant is a - bove his Lord.
The Son of God, the Son of man, He had not where to lay his head.
Yea, he him-self be-comes my guard; He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.
Safe in thy arms I lay me down, Thine ev-er-last - ing arms of love.

5. While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Savior's breast.

6. I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

# No. 141. Beautiful Home of the Angels.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Beau - ti - ful home of the an - gels, How have our spir-its been stirred, When of thy won - der - ful glo - ries, told; And that, with - in thy bright bor - ders, day, Some - time our eyes shall be - hold thee—

2. Beau - ti - ful home of the an - gels, Thou hast no sor-rows we're

3. Beau - ti - ful home of the an - gels, Ra - di - ant re - gion of

CHORUS.

We the glad sto - ry have heard! Home of the an - gels—
Ne'er shall the youthful grow old!
Je - sus is lead-ing that way!

An - gels as bright as can be; Home, with the white robes for chil - dren, Some - time we're com - ing to thee!

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## No. 142. Elmhurst.

(L. M.) GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1 Now be my heart inspired to sing The glories of my Sav-ior King,—
2. O'er all the sons of hu-man race, He shines with a su-per-ior grace:
3. Thy throne, O God, for-ev-er stands; Grace is the scept-er in thy hands;
4. God, thine own God, has richly shed His oil of glad-ness on thy head;

Je-sus the Lord; how heav'nly fair His form! how bright his beauties are!
Love from his lips di-vine-ly flows, And blessings all his state com-pose.
Thy laws and works are just and right; Jus-tice and grace are thy delight.
And with his Sa-cred Spir-it blessed His first-born Son above the rest.

## No. 143. Sun of my Soul.

J. KEBLE. F. J. HAYDN.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen tly steep;
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of thine, Have spurned to-day the voice di-vine-

O may no earth born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

# No. 144. Heavenly Vision.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. A vis-ion bright appeared to me, I passed in-to e-ter-ni-ty,
2. Then came a pure and ho-ly band, In shin-ing robes with palm in hand,
3. Ah! there, ar-rayed in roy-al state, A mul-ti-tude pass thro' the gate,
4. See now an-oth-er might-y throng! Un-num-bered mill-ions pass along,
5. All heav-en joins the glad re-frain; "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!"

At heav-en's court I stood, Triumphant shouts came from a-far,
And marched thro' heaven's court; Who art these blest ones pass-ing by?
And shouts of tri-umph ring; Who, who are these up-on whose brow,
In-to the realms of light; There, thro' the gate, bless God! I see
To him the glo-ry be; All glo-ry be to God on high,

Re-sound-ing thro' the gates a-jar, From Pro-phets of our God.
Me-thinks I hear the sweet re-ply, "A-pos-tles of our Lord."
Ap-pears a crown of glo-ry now? "The Mar-tyrs for their King."
The ho-ly blood-washed com-pa-ny Of saints ar-rayed in white.
Come, sin-ner, there may you and I En-ter e-ter-ni-ty.

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CHORUS.

They pass to the throne, All the
They pass to the throne,

# Heavenly Vision—Concluded.

heav'ns are fill'd with joy, Where praise shall a-
fill'd with joy, Where praise

1 Repeat pp. 2

lone Ev-er be the saints' em-ploy, em-ploy.
shall a-lone saints' employ.

## No. 145. Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. Only trust him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject him.
15. I believe him.
16. Hallelujah, Amen.

# No. 146. Something for Me to Do.

E. R. LATTA. C. A. WEISS.

1. Je - sus is bid-ding the I - dlers, Haste to his vine yard a - way:
2. Breaking the soil of the spir - it, Sow - ing the ker-nels of truth,
3. We must ac-count to our Mas - ter, Ma - ny the tal-ents, or few,

There is so much that needs do - ing, All should his bid-ding o - bey.
Watching the rip - en - ing fruit - age; Car - ing for age, and for youth.
How shall our spir-its make an - swer, If to our mis-sion un - true?

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CHORUS.

Something that great is, or something that's small Waiteth the doing of one, and of all;

Something, my bro-ther, for you, Something for me, to do.

# No. 147. The Beautiful Babe of Bethlehem.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. The beau - ti-ful Babe of Beth-le-hem, By prophets so long fore - told,
2. The beau - ti-ful Babe of Beth-le-hem, The Ma - gi re-joic'd to view;
3. The beau - ti-ful Babe of Beth-le-hem Was of-fer'd for you and me,
4. The beau - ti-ful Babe of Beth-le-hem Is rul-ing up-on the throne;

The an - gels announced 'neath starry gleam, While slumber'd the Shepherd's fold!
And fond - ly they worship paid to him: And we may adore Him, too!
That we might ob-tain a di - a-dem, Where troubles may never be!
And, oh, in the New Je - ru - sa-lem, We ev - er may be his own!

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CHORUS.

Then, ring, bells, ti - dings wide - ly fling, then ring! ring!
ring bells,

Ring, bells! Christ is our great King! then ring! ring! Ring, bells!
ring, bells,

Christ is our great King! then ring, ring! Ring, bells! ring!..... .....
Je-sus' ad-vent ring!

ring, ring,

# No. 148. Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

C. WESLEY. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of right-eous-ness!

Peace on earth," and mer-cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled;
Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in his wings;

Joy - ful all ye na-tions rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
Let us then with an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;

With th'an-gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem;
Peace on earth," and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled;

With th'an-gel - ic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con-ciled."

# No. 149. Christmas Carol.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. W. A. Ogden.

*Spirited.*

1. Al - le - lu - ia! hear the song, Chorused by the an - gel throng;
2. Like a hum-ble work-man's child, Christ the mighty Sav-ior came,
3. For his sake who loves us all, We should love our fel - low men,

Peace, good-will to man be giv'n, Praise to God in heav'n.
Tend - ed by the Vir - gin mild, Scorn-ing earth-ly fame.
Spurn - ing not the weak and small; He will come a - gain.

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Chorus.

Join..... in the chant di-vine, Praise Je-ho-vah, praise Je-ho-vah,
Join the chant, the chant di-vine,

*Repeat pp.*

Light..... o'er the world doth shine, Praise Je-ho-vah's name.
Light o'er world, the world doth shine,

# No. 150. Child in the Manger, We hail Thee.

W. A. Ogden.

*Spirited.*

1. Guid-ed by the star on wing Wise men sought and found the King,
2. Watching o'er their flock at night, Shepherds saw the heav'nly light—
3. See the bright an - gel - ic throng, Lis - ten to their bliss-ful song,

In the man-ger all be nign Wor-ship'd him as God di-vine.
Heard the an-gels wondrous word Of the new-born Christ and Lord.
As they her-ald Christ our King, How their might-y voi - ces ring:

Un - to them their hom-age paid, Prec-ious gifts be - fore him laid.
When the bless-ed child they found, Spread the ti-dings all a-round.
Glo - ry be to God on high, Peace to all be - low the sky;

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So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Seek and find and worship thee.
So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Spread the glor-ious news of thee.
So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be prais-ing thee.

Chorus

Child in the man-ger, we hail..... thee, Child in the
we hail

# Child in the Manger—Concluded.

man - ger, we wor - ship thee, Child in the man - ger, we

bless and a-dore thee? Loy - al to thee we would ev - er be.

## No. 151. Joy to the World.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS. HANDEL. Arr. by MASON.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry

heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And

And heav'n and na - ture

And heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

sing,.....

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

# No. 152. Behold the Risen Lord.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

*Lively.*

1. Be-hold the Lord, the ris - en Lord, Hath burst death's bonds in twain,
2. Be-hold your Lord on Cal - va-ry! In ag - o - ny He died,
3. It was thy soul He died to save, He vanquish'd death and sin;
4. Re-joice, the Lord is risen to-day! To rule in pow'r and might,

Up - on this glo-rious East - er day, Rejoice, He lives a - gain!
Oh! see Him nail'd up - on the tree, Dear Christ, the cru - ci - fied.
He died that we might be redeem'd, And each the vic - t'ry win.
Be-hold Him! greet the ris - en Lord, The Prince of peace and light.

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REFRAIN.

Be-hold, behold the ris - en Lord! He comes his own to bless;

He lives to light life's darksome way, And gild earth's wilderness.

# No. 153. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

Rev. Charles Wesley. J. Morgan.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done, *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*

Sons of men, and an-gels, say; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
Christ hath burst the gates of hell; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high! *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
Lo, our Sun's e-clipse is o'er; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
Death in vain for-bids his rise; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*

Sing, ye heav'ns! and earth, re-ply! *Al - - - le - lu - - ia!*
Lo, he sets in blood no more; *Al - - - le - lu - - ia!*
Christ hath o-pened par - a - dise. *Al - - - le - lu - - ia!*

4. Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5. Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

# No. 154. Hallelujah! the Savior is Risen.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. ALFRED BEIRLY. By per.

*Not too fast.*

1. Hal-le - lu - jah! the Sav - ior is ris - en! Oh! spread the glad
2. Now ex - alt - ed, He reign-eth in glo - ry, Who once in the
3. Oh, be com - fort-ed, chil-dren of sor - row, The dawn of that
4. Hal-le - lu - jah! the mu - sic is ring - ing O'er con - ti-nent,

ti - dings of joy; He has brok-en the bars of the pris - on,
sep - ul - cher lay; On the earth we re-peat the glad sto - ry,
Sab-bath shall break, That will bring you the end-less to-mor - row,
is -land and sea, And the na-tions a trib-ute are bring-ing,—

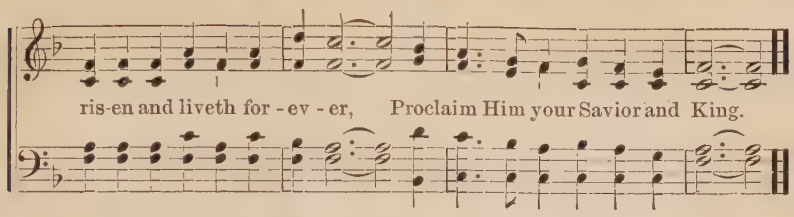
CHORUS.

Oh! praise our Re-

And death can no lon - ger de - stroy. Oh! praise him, oh! praise him, our
And sound his high prais-es to - day.
And they that are sleeping shall wake.
We join in the glad ju - bi - lee.

deem - er,

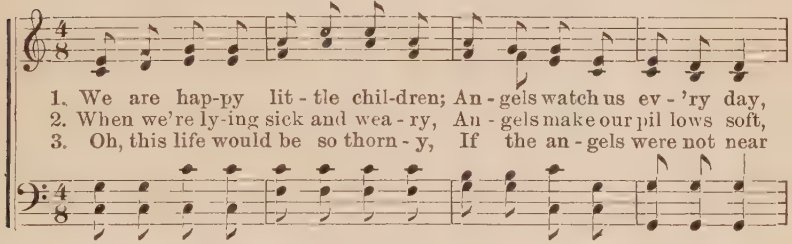
Lord and Re-deem-er! Re - joice and ex - ult-ing - ly sing; He is

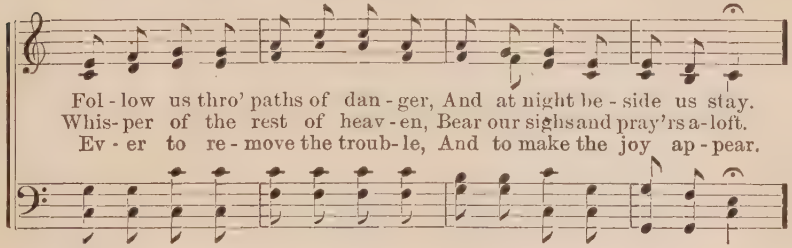



## No. 155. Angel Watchers.

(For the Little Ones.)

Mrs. Adaline H. Beery. Geo. F. Rosche.

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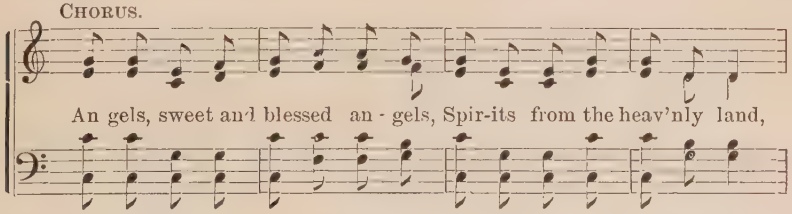
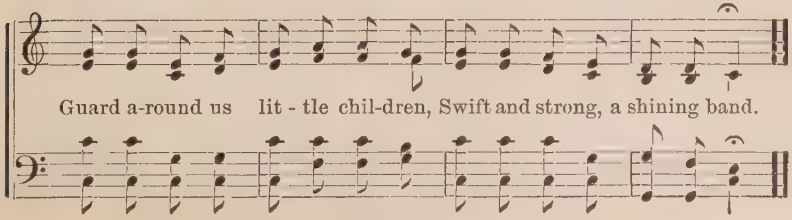
Chorus.



# No. 156. Christ is Risen.

DUET. H. W. FAIRBANK. By per.

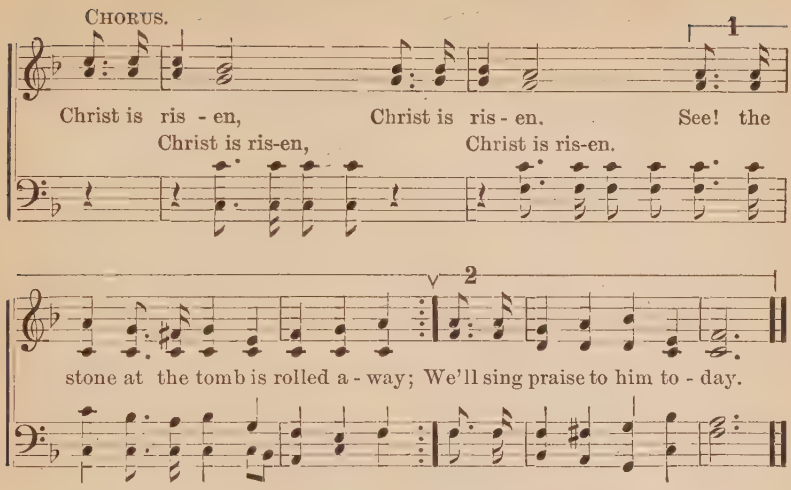
1. Now all the bells are ring-ing, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-
2. O has-ten we to meet him, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-
3. Still Je-sus, we a-dore thee, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-

lu-ia! And we with joy are sing-ing, To wel-come Eas-ter
lu-ia! With love and awe to greet him, As he is draw-ing
lu-ia! Still, as we kneel be-fore thee, We hear thee say "all

day; For Je-sus hath a-ris-en From Jo-seph's rock-y
near; Of old, his friends were bid-den to haste to Gal-li-
hail!" Thou who art now de-scend-ing, To raise us up to

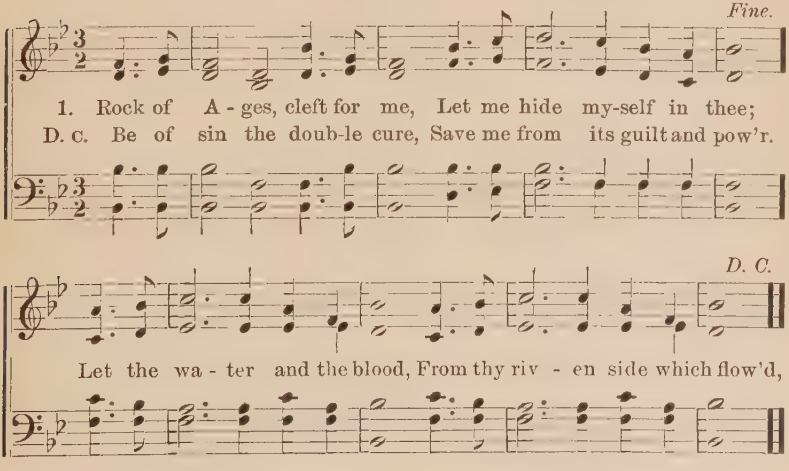
cave, Hath burst his three-days' pris-on, and triumphed o'er the grave.
lee; Still in his church, all glorious, Our ris-en Lord will be.
thee, An eas-ter-tide un-end-ing Grant us in heav'n to see.

# Christ is Risen—Concluded.




## No. 157. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THO. HASTINGS.




2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,–
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

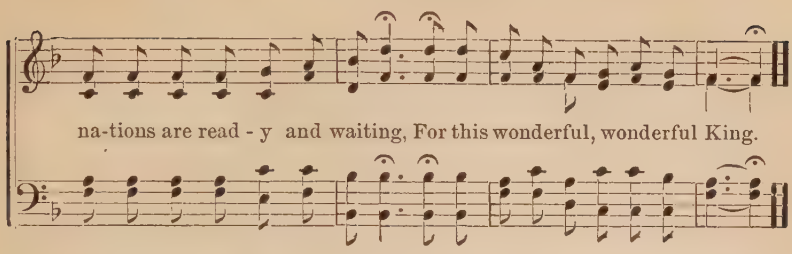
# No. 158. Our Wonderful King.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER. A. M. ROBERT K. MOORE. By per.

1. All the na-tions are read-y and wait-ing, For the toc-sin of prais-es to ring; While the mill-ions are list-'ning and long-ing,
2. Then we'll sing of his gra-cious sal-va-tion, And a-loud shall the cho-rus-es ring; In the deep swell-ing an-thems of prais-es,
3. We may shout from the top of the moun-tain, In the val-ley of bless-ings may sing; And re-joice in the deep-est of tri-als,
4. He is wor-thy of love's rich-est to-ken, And to ev-'ry af-fec-tion we bring; All the gold and the sil-ver of na-tions,

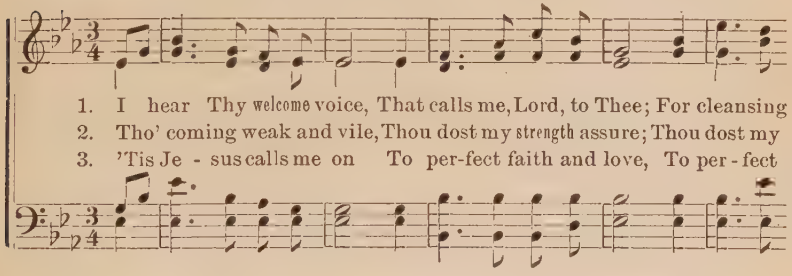
CHORUS.

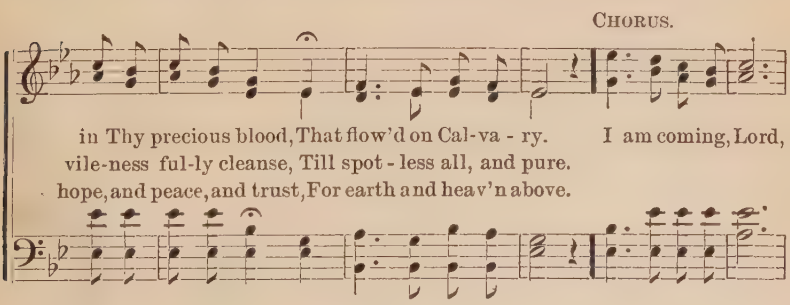
For the song of the heav-en-ly King. O this wonderful, wonderful King,..... O this won-der-ful, won-der-ful King, All the won-der-ful King,
To this won-der-ful, won-der-ful King.
In this won-der-ful, won-der-ful King.
We must lay at the feet of our King.

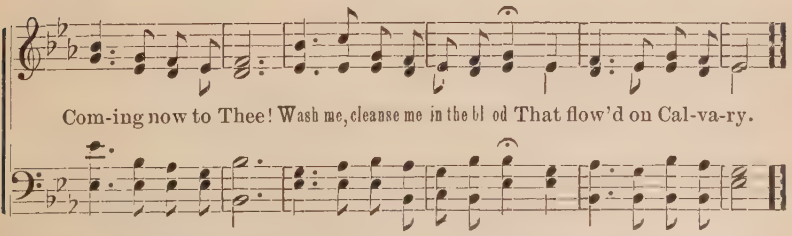



## No. 159. I am Coming, Lord.

Rev. L. Hartsough.




4. And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free;
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

5. All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

# No. 160. Eternity, Eternity.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.

1. O - ver the riv - er, from shore to shore, Mor-tals each mo-ment are pass - ing o'er, From ev - 'ry land and from ev - 'ry clime,
2. Has-ten, ye doubting, de - cide your fate! Wait not, to - mor-row may be too late! List to the warn-ings from heav'n and hell;
3. Com-ing so soon–'tis the an-gel of death! Read - y, 'tis ech - oed in bat - ed breath! Swift - ly the ves - sel will on - ward glide,
4. This is the fi - at of God's de - cree; Thou art and thou shalt for ev - er be, Heav - ens shall melt, age and time ex - pire,

Pass-ing the lim - its and bounds of time; Ask you where to can their mis - sion be? All for the bound-less E - ter - ni - ty,
Seek the as - sur - ance that all is well; Flee to the Sav-ior who died for thee, Go thou, pre - pare for E - ter - ni - ty,
O - ver the wa - ters so deep and wide, Then cast her an - chor and all will be Launched in the bound-less E - ter - ni - ty,
Worlds pass a - way and be wrapt in fire, Yet noth-ing chan-ges thy des - ti - ny, There in the bound-less E - ter - ni - ty,

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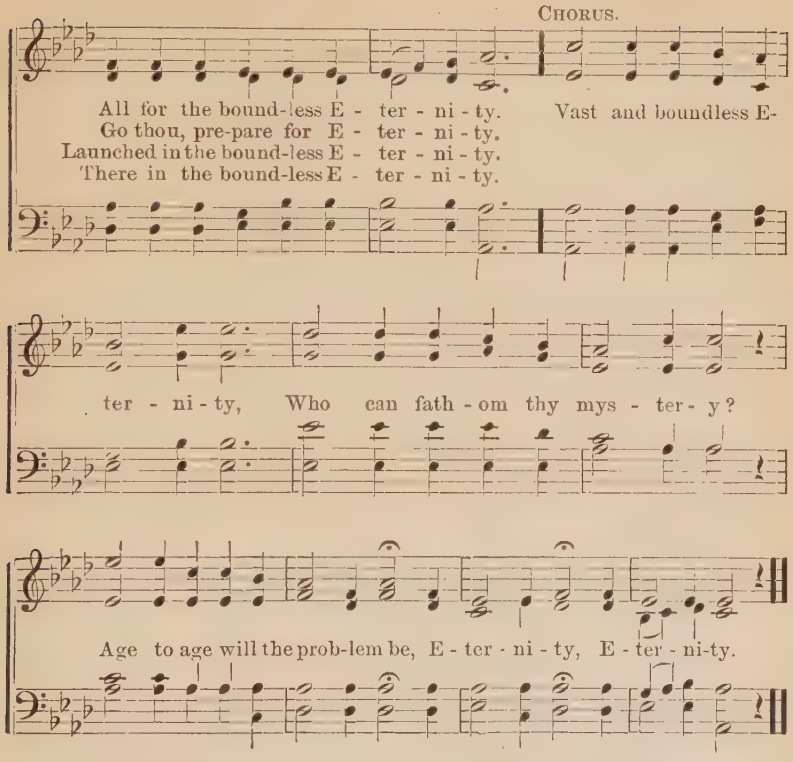
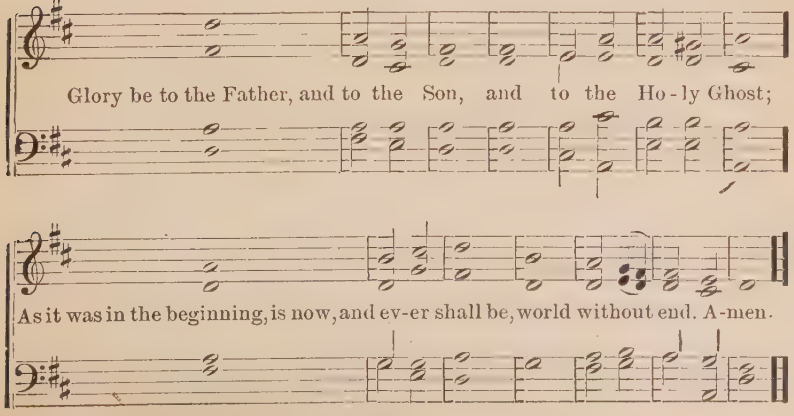
# Eternity, Eternity—Concluded.




## No. 161. Gloria Patri.

WM. BOYDE.



# No. 162. To Thee, Jesus, I am Coming.

E. R. LATTA. (For the Little Ones.) LOUIS MAX WEISS.

1. To thee, Je - sus, I am com - ing, For I hear thee call - ing me;
2. To thee, Je - sus, I am com - ing, And thy bless-ing I would share,
3. To thee, Je - sus, I am com - ing, As thou bid-dest me to do;

I would seek thy face, dear Sav-ior, Tho' a lit - tle child I be!
Let me la - bor in thy vineyard, Tho' I do but lit - tle there!
Take me, Lord, and, lest I wan-der Guide me all my journey thro'.

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CHORUS.

Lord, be mine!..... make me thine! .....Make and keep me ev - er
Lord be mine! make me thine, keep me

thine,..... Lord be mine!..... Make me thine.....
ev - er thine, Lord be mine! make me

..... Make and keep me ev - er thine!.....
thine, Keep, make and keep me ev - er thine!

# No. 163. Love Him, Children.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Je - sus is a mer - ci - ful Sav-ior, Meek and mild, meek and mild;
2. Je - sus is a friend to the wea-ry, Gives them rest, gives them rest,
3. Je - sus loves the du - ti-ful children, Loves them well, loves them well,

Sweet his love and ten - der his fa - vor To each lit - tle child.
Folds the weak, in ten - der com-pas - sion, To his lov - ing breast.
And will take them in - to his king-dom Ev - er-more to dwell.

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CHORUS.

Love him, love him, chil-dren dear, Who from heav - en came,

And with voic - es, sweet and clear, Praise his ho - ly name.

# No. 164. Mighty to Save.

W. A. O. *Spirited.* W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up a standard for the people;
2. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up a standard for the people;
3. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up a standard for the people;

Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up the standard of our God;
Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up the standard of our God;
Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up the standard of our God;

Cast ye up a glo-rious highway For the com - ing of our King,
Who is this that comes from E-dom With his gar-ments dyed in blood?
Now ex - alt the Son of glo-ry, Spread his won-drous name a-broad,

Sing his prais-es, tell his glo - ry, Make the gates of Zi - on ring,
'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry, 'Tis the bless-ed Son of God,
Un - to men he brings sal - va-tion, Je - sus Christ, the Son of God,

# Mighty to Save.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

*ff* *p*

Might-y to save, might-y to save, Say ye to the daughter of Zi - on,

*ff*

Might-y to save, might-y to save, Je-sus Christ is might-y to save.

## No. 165. I Do Believe.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel thy power;
4. Au - thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea-ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO. *I do be-lieve, I now be - lieve That Je-sus died for me;*

If thou with-draw thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.
O let me now re-ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

*And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.*

# No. 166. Coming to Jesus to-day.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER. A. M. ROBERT K. MOORE. By per.

1. "Come un - to me," the dear Sav-ior has said; Come with be-
2. Je - sus is wait - ing with to - kens of love, Sweet - est of
3. Je - sus is read - y and might-y to save, Strong to de-
4. Un - der His cross we for - ev - er shall hide, Safe in his

liev-ing, re - joice and be glad; Come while there's par-don and
mer-cies your tho'ts to ap - prove, Read - y to crown you with
liv - er from bonds that en - slave; Je - sus has tri-umph'd o'er
in - fi - nite love to a - bide, Feel - ing his mer - its of

CHORUS.
Com - ing,

peace to be had, Com-ing to Je - sus to day. Coming to Jesus, I'm
joys from a - bove, Hon - or and glo - ry to day.
death and the grave, Jus-tice is lost in his love.
mer - cy ap - plied, Answering, Je - sus, I come.

com - ing, I'm com-ing to Je - sus to - day,.....

coming to-day, Yes, I'm coming I'm com-ing to Je - sus to - day:

# Coming to Jesus to-day—Concluded.

Com - ing, com - ing, I'm com-ing to Je-sus to - day.

Com-ing to Je-sus, I'm coming to-day, Yes, coming, I'm coming to-day.

## No. 167. In Sweet By-and-by.

I. N. McHose. Duet. Full Chorus. I. N. McHose. Duet.

1. We will lay our burdens down, By-and-by, by-and-by; Leave the cross and
2. Pain and suff'ring will be o'er, By-and-by, by-and-by; When we reach yon
3. Sin's dark night will pass away, By-and-by, by-and-by; Then we'll live in
4. Tho' we part, we'll meet a-gain, By-and-by, by-and-by; Meet as priests and

Full Churus. Refrain.

wear the crown, In sweet by-and-by. Oh, we will hap-py be,
bliss-ful shore, In sweet by-and-by.
end-less day, In sweet by-and-by.
kings, to reign In sweet by-and-by.

By-and-by, by-and-by; Prais-ing e-ter-nal-ly, In sweet by-and-by.

Copyright, 1896, by I. N. McHOSE. By per.

# No. 168. Oh, come to the Loving Savior.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Oh, come to the lov - ing Sav - ior, He's call - ing to you to - day!
2. Oh, come to the gen - tle Sav - ior, For he is the liv - ing way;
3. Oh, come to the wait-ing Sav - ior, And he will your sins for - give;

Yes, come, and ac-cept his guid-ance, That nev - er your feet may stray!
Thro' him you may en - ter glo - ry, If you will his voice o - bey!
He'll ten - der - ly guide your foot-steps, And comfort you while you live!

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He'll be your pro-tect - ing shep-herd, To shel-ter your souls from ill!
If you will but seek him ear - ly, You cer-tain - ly him shall find!
He'll be your pro-tect - ing shep-herd, To shel-ter your souls from ill!

And e - ven tho' friends forsake you, He'll be the same Je - sus still!
And then he will nev - er leave you, For he is so good and kind!
And e - ven tho' friends forsake you, He'll be the same Je - sus still!

# No. 169. Thy Will, not Mine be Done.

W. H. GARDNER. A. BEIRLY.

1. When our fond-est hopes are shaken, When the days of darkness come,
2. Could we see the sil - ver lin-ing, Hid be-hind the dark-ened sun,
3. If the foe doth e'er be - set you, And the vic-t'ry must be won,
4. Trust the Lord in joy and sad-ness, He will aid each help-less one,

Teach us all to say, O Fath-er! "Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done!"
We would patient wait the tem-pest, Say-ing, "Lord, Thy will be done."
Has-ten on-ward to the bat - tle, Cry-ing, "Lord, Thy will be done."
Raise your weeping eyes to heaven, Pray-ing, "Lord, Thy will be done."

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REFRAIN.

Thy will, not mine, ..... O Lord, be done..... Thou knowest
Thy will, not mine, O Lord, be done.

what..... for me is best, ..... Help us to say, .....Dear Lord, to-
Thou knowest what for me is best, Help us to say,

*rit*.....

day, ..... Thy will, not mine, ..... ... O Lord, be done.....
Dear Lord, to-day. Thy will, not mine, O Lord, be done.

# No. 170. Learn to Wait.

L. B. MITCHELL. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

*Allegretto.*

1. In the ser-vice of our King, Oft - en there is long de - lay,
2. We should work and wait and trust, Patient, hope-ful, faith-ful, true;
3. Let us then in pa-tience wait For the har - vest to ap - pear;

In the fruit - age of our toil And our pray'rs a - long the way.
For these grac - es we have need All the toil - some jour-ney thro'.
And for rich re - ward at last We should nev-er, nev - er fear.

CHORUS.

Learn to wait,..... yes, learn to wait,..... Tho' the
Learn to wait, yes, learn to wait,

har - vest seemeth slow,..... Precious seed .... that thou hast
Tho' the harvest seem-eth slow, Precious seed

sown..... In God's own good time will grow.....
that thou hast sown will grow.

Copyright, 1881, by GEO. F. ROBBIE.

# No. 171. Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flow'ry glen..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore,..... Of him who

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... de-vin-er
birds..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
walked..... upon the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

now..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... to Gal - i - lee.....
more..... To fol-low him..... to Gal - i - lee.....

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CHORUS.

O Gal - i-lee! sweet Gal - i-lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O

Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me.

# No. 172. King Jesus calls for Volunteers.

IDA L. REED. W. H. EISELE.

1. King Je - sus calls for vol - un - teers, Dear boys, en-
2. Come for - ward now, the Cap - tain stands A - part and
3. Come, vol - un - teer be - neath your King, Yes, vol - un-

D. C. *King Je - sus calls, his voice o - bey, And vol - un-*

list! He needs you all, Fling to the winds your i - dle
waits ea - ger to know, How ma - ny hearts, how ma - ny
teer his ranks to fill, Hearts will-ing to the con - flict

*teer with him to fight, Come for - ward all, He leads the*

*Fine.* UNISON.

fears, And fol - low him, o - bey his call. A-
hands Will fight with him a - gainst the foe; To
bring, And read - y hands to do his will. Grand

*way For love and home, for truth and light.*

gainst our val - iant lit - tle band, Sin's ranks are proud - ly
rob him of his pow'r and free The souls who cap - tive
is the war - fare for the brave, There is a her - i-

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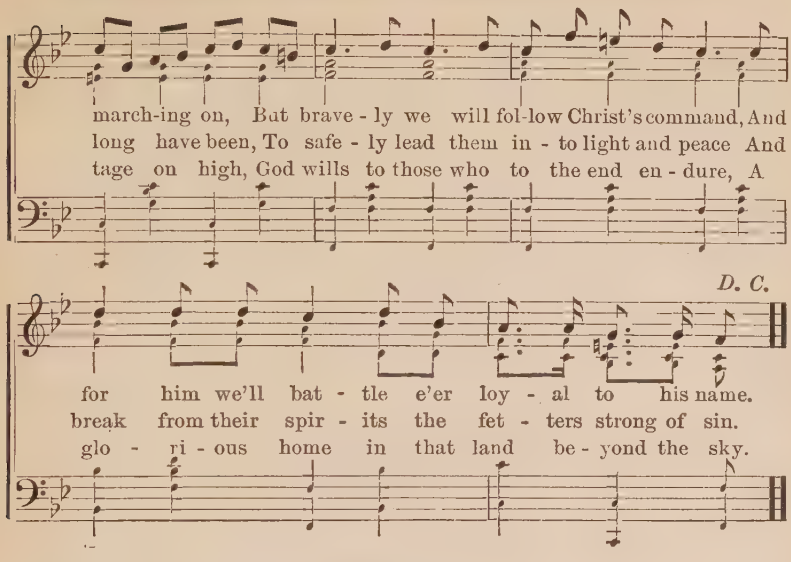
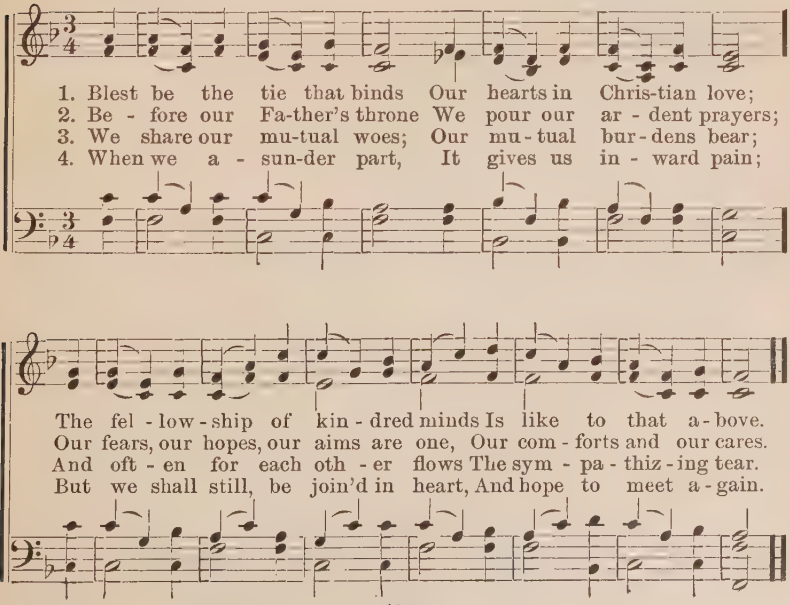



## No. 173. Dennis.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT. (S. M.) From H. G. NAGELI.



# No. 174. The Land where the Sun never Sets.

WILLIAM HENRY GARDNER. EDWIN J. WALKER.

1. In the land where the sun nev - er sets, There is peace for you
2. Far a - way from the tu - mult of earth, You may sleep when the
3. In the land of e - ter - ni - ty blest There are loved ones a-
4. Oh, take heart then, ye wea - ry and worn, For the jour - ney of

there troub-led one; In the beau - ti - ful Cit - y of Rest There is
bat - tle is won, And re-ceive from the hands of the King Your re-
wait - ing you there Who are long - ing to show you the way To the
life is most o'er! And your bur-dens ye soon shall lay down Where they

CHORUS. *Faster.*

joy for you too, wea - ry one. For there no night e'er comes to
ward and the plau - dit, "Well done!"
Ha - ven of Rest from all care.
nev - er shall wea - ry you more.

cloud the hap-py day, Nor cru - el doubts and fears to chase its joys a-

way; The glo - rious Son of Light makes bright the joy-ous land.

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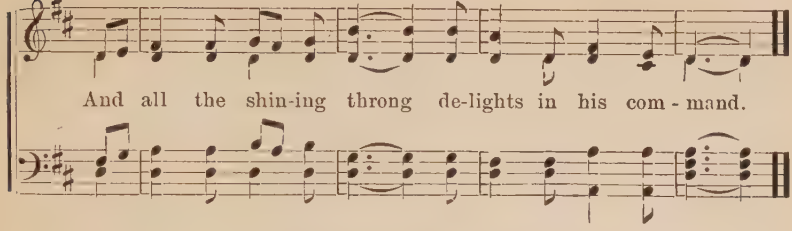
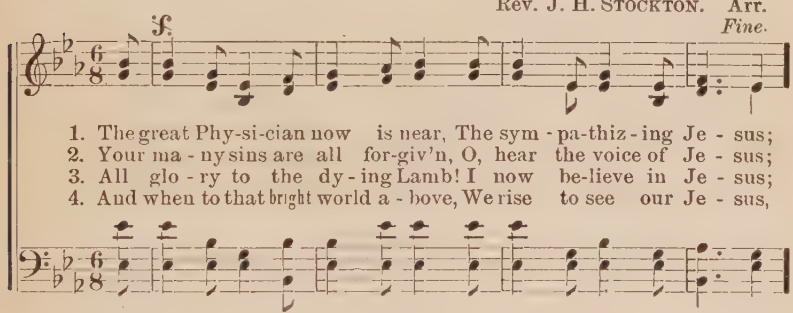
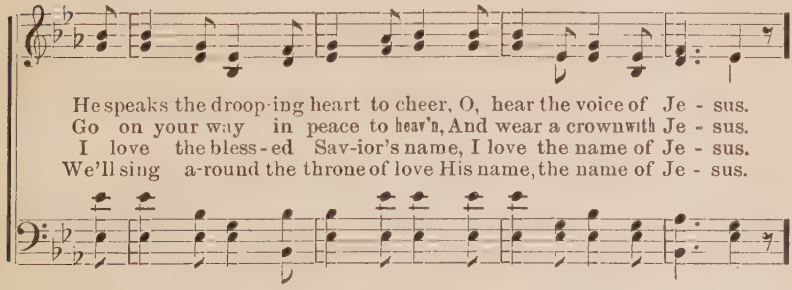
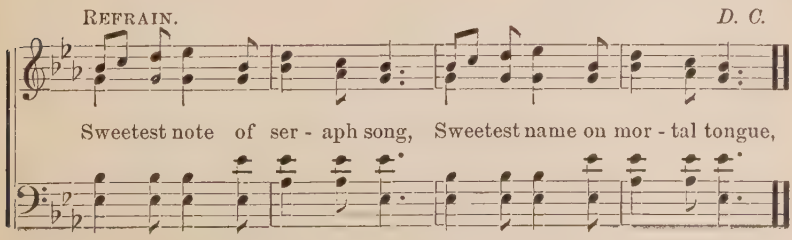



## No. 175. The Great Physician.

Rev. J. H. Stockton. Arr.



# No. 176. Sabbath Bells.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ring out, O mer-ry Sab-bath bells, And let your song re-sound, Ring out and tell the Sav-ior's love To all the world a-round. Peal forth the ti-dings of his love, To ev-'ry tribe and tongue, Until thro'-out the heath-en world, His prais-es shall be sung.
2. Ring out, O mer-ry Sab-bath bells, A joy-ful mel-o-dy; Tell of the Sav-ior's low-ly birth, His life in Gal-i-lee; Tell of his might-y deeds of love, Tell of the life he gave, And how for you and me he rose Tri-umph-ant from the grave.
3. Ring out, O mer-ry Sab-bath bells, Your notes are full of love, They whis-per of the way of truth That leads to peace a-bove; O nev-er may your song be done, Till all the world shall hear The bless-ed sto-ry of his love, And serve the Lord with fear.

CHORUS.

Ring out..... ..... mer-ry Sab-bath bells, ring out a mer-ry, mer-ry strain; In-

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spire our hearts a - new To love the good and true.

ring.....

Ring, mer - ry Sab-bath bells, O ring a - gain that glad re-frain; Our

hearts u - nit - ed join to sing The prais-es of our King.

## No. 177. Am I a Soldier.

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease;
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage Lord;

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by thy word.

No. 178.

# He has Come.

Mrs. J. H. Knowles. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. He has come! he has come! my Re-deem-er has come, He has tak - en my heart as his own chos - en home; At last I have giv - en the
2. He has come! he has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev-'ry tho't of my be - ing is swayed by his word; He has come! and he rules in the
3. He has come! he has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has giv-en his word that he will not de - part; No troub - le can en - ter, no
4. He has come! to a-bide, and ho - ly must be The place where my Lord deigns to ban - quet with me; And this is my pray - er, Lord,

wel-come he sought, He has come and his com-ing all glad-ness has bro't.
realm of my soul, And his scep - ter is love, O bless - ed con - trol!
e - vil can come, To the heart where the God of peace has his home.
since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home.

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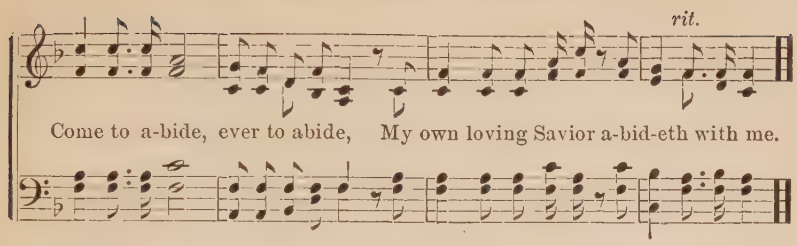
Chorus.

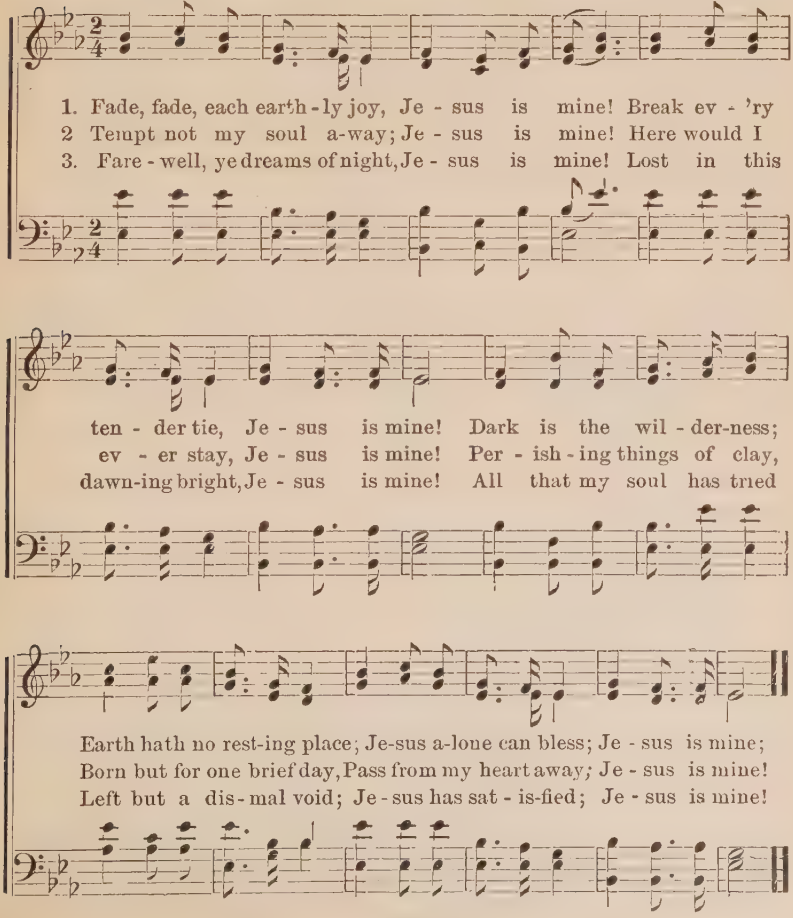
Joy! joy is mine, My Savior divine, Comes to abide with me, with me; with me

# He has Come.—Concluded.




## No. 179. Jesus is Mine.

Dr. H. Bonar. Asa Hull. Arr.



No. 180.

# Oh, Canaan Land.

E. R. LATTA. C. A. WEISS.

1. Oh, Ca - - naan land, Oh, Ca - - naan land, Where saints and
2. Oh, Ca - - naan land, how ma - - ny feet, Have journey'd
3. Oh, Ca - - naan land, we're march - ing on, And oh, the

Oh, Canaan, Canaan land, Oh, Canaan, Canaan land!
Oh, Canaan, Canaan land, how ma - ny, ma-ny feet,
Oh, Canaan, Canaan land, we're marching, marching on,

shin - ing an - gels stand; We're march - - ing tow'rd thy
tow'rd thy blest re - treat! And oh, the scenes thy
bliss when thou art won; Our jour - - ney-ings shall

We're marching tow'rd thy re - gion
And oh, the scenes thy dwell - ers
Our jour-ney-ings shall all be

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re - - - gion fair, And hope to en - ter safe - ly there!
dwell - - ers view, That earth-ly Ca - naan nev - er knew!
all be o'er, When we have reached thy hap- py shore!

fair, thy re - gion fair,
view, thy dwellers view,
o'er, shall all be o'er,

CHORUS.

Oh, Ca - naan land! blest Ca - naan land, By faith we
Oh, Ca - naan land! blest Ca - naan land,

# Oh, Canaan Land.—Concluded.

see thy beau - ties bright! We see thy count - less com - pa-
We see thy count - less
see thy beauties bright!
clothed in white.

ny, Of ran - somed sin - ners, sin - ners clothed in white.
com-pa-ny, Of ran - som'd sinners, ransomed sinners clothed in white.
Of ransom'd sinners, ransom'd sinners clothed in white.

## No. 181. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5. Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

# No. 182. Gathering Home.

W. A. Ogden.

Solo. Chorus.

1. They're gathering homeward from ev'ry land, One by one, one by one;
2. Be-fore they may rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one, one by one;
3. Dear Je-sus, Re - deem-er, we look to thee, One by one, one by one;

Solo. Chorus.

As wea - ry, their feet touch the shin-ing strand, Yes, one by one.
Thro' death's chilling wa-ters they en - ter life, Yes, one by one.
We lift up our sad voic - es trem-bling-ly, Yes, one by one.

Duet.

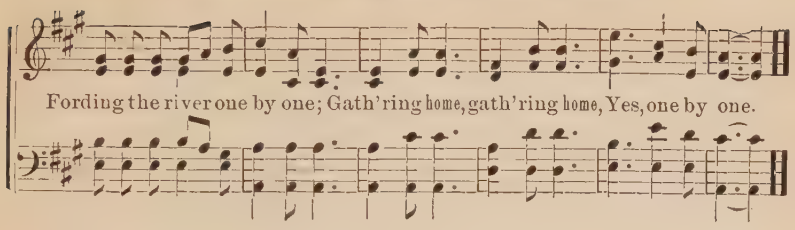
Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown, Their travel-stained garments are
To some are the floods of the riv-er still While fording their way to the
The ways of the riv-er are dark and cold, We see not the place where our

all laid down, And clothed in white raiment they rest in the mead Where
heav'n-ly hill; To oth - ers the wa-ters run fierce-ly and wild While
feet may hold; Thou who did'st pass thro' in the deep midnight O

Chorus.

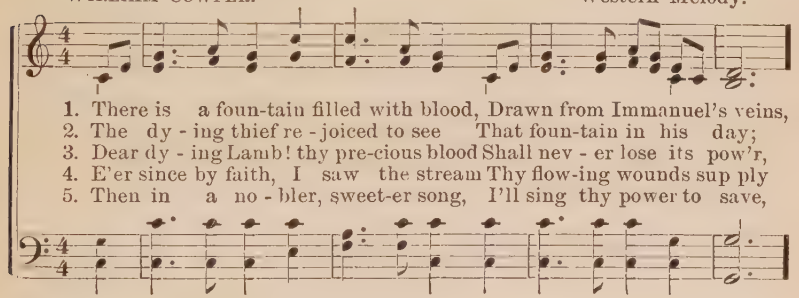
Je - sus doth love his saints to lead. Gath'ring home, gath'ring home,
gathering home to the un - de-filed.
strengthen us, send us thy wood - en staff.

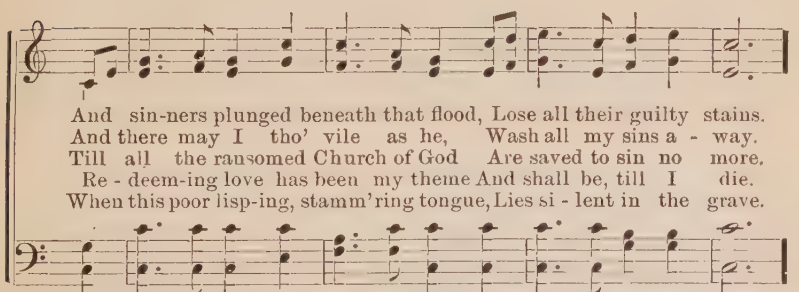
By per. THE W. W. WHITNEY CO.

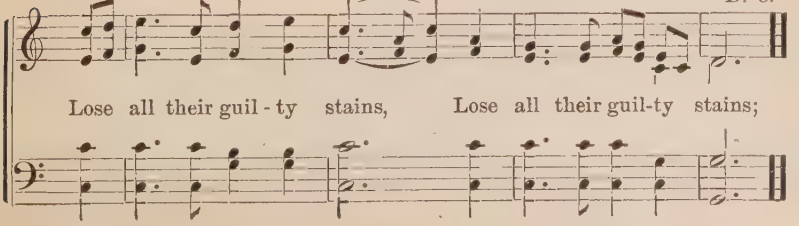



## No. 183. There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



# No. 184. Calvary.

Rev. W. McK. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, my Sav-ior
4. O Je - sus, Lord how can it be, That thou shouldst

Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross he bled for
bows his head and dies; The op'ning veil re-veals the
give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag - o-

me,..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.
way..... To heav-en's joys..... and end-less day.
ny,..... In that dread hour..... on Cal - va - ry!

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*mf* Refrain. *p* *m* *p* *pp*

O Cal-va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, (for me,)

*mf* *ff* *mf* *rit.* *p*

O Cal - va-ry! blest Cal - va-ry! Twas there my Sav-ior died for me.

# No. 185. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions subdue, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
2. Shun e-vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

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# No. 186. Tell it Out.

HAVERGALL. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Tell it out among the peo - ple that the Lord is King, Tell it
2. Tell it out among the peo - ple that the Sav - ior reigns, Tell it
3. Tell it out among the peo - ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it

out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out among the na-tions,
out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out among the heathen,
out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out among the heathen,

bid them shout and sing, Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! Tell it out!
bid them break their chains, Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! Tell it out!
that his reign is love, Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! Tell it out!

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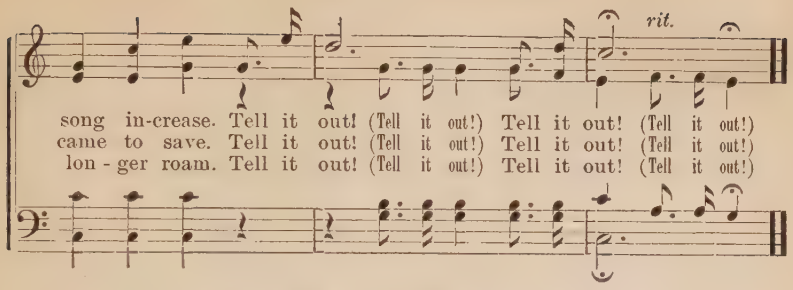
Tell it out with ad - o-ra-tion that he shall increase, That the mighty King of
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives, Tell it out among the
Tell it out among the high-ways and the lanes at home, Let it ring across the

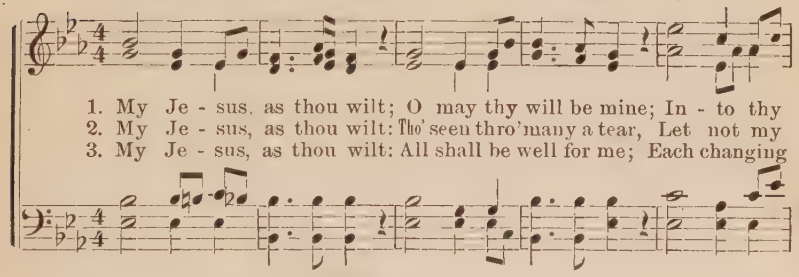
glo - ry is the King of peace, Tell it out with ju - bi - la-tion, let the
wea - ry ones the rest he gives, Tell it out among the sinners that he
mountains and the o - cean's foam, That the wea-ry, heav-y lad - en need no

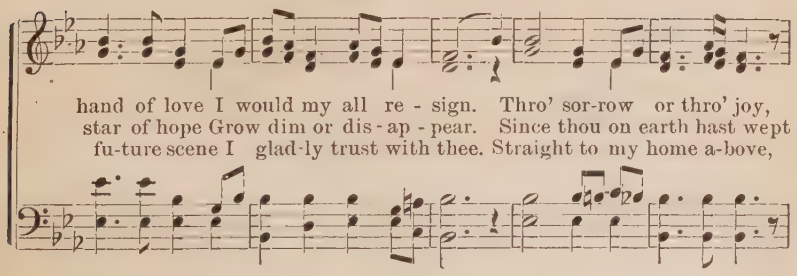
# Tell it Out—Concluded.

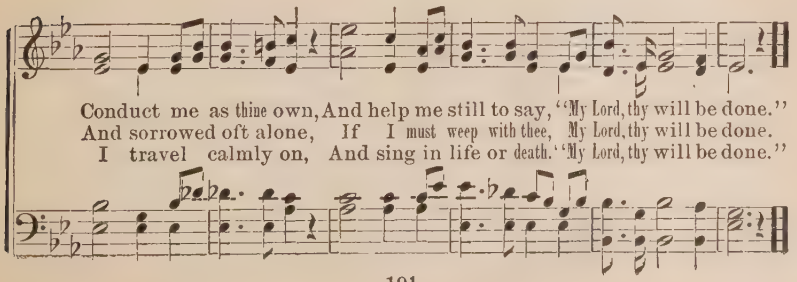



## No. 187. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

Miss J. Borthwick. (6s, Double.) Von Weber. Arr. by G. F. R.



# No. 188. We Shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills,
2. If we err, in human blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. We shall come with songs of gladness, We shall gather 'round His throne;

And the sunshine falls in gladness On the riv-ers and the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known,

We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray,
Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the plain that hides a-way,
And the song of our redemption Shall resound thro' endless day,

We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared away.
When the wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared away.
Praising Him whose love has kept us Till the mists have cleared away.

By per. Thos. S. BRAINARD SONS CO.

# We Shall Know—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev - er
We shall know as we are known,

more..... to walk a - lone, In the
Nev - er more to walk a - lone,

dawn - ing of the morning, When the mists..... have cleared a-
In the dawning of the morn-ing When the mists

way; In the dawn - ing of the morn - ing,
have cleared away In the dawning

When the mists..... have cleared a-way.
When the mists have cleared a - way.

# No. 189. The Golden Shore.

ALICE L. CRISS. ALFRED BEIRLY.

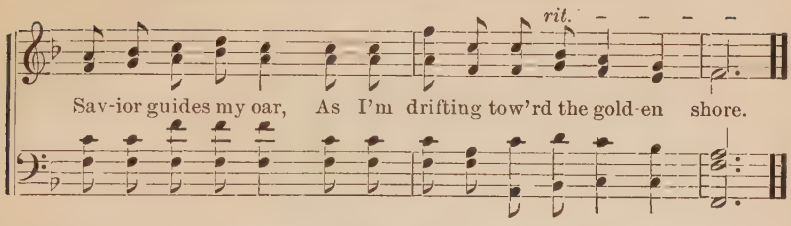
1. I am drifting down the stream of time, Gently drifting tow'rd the gold - en shore; But I do not heed the billows, For the
2. I am drifting down the stream of time, Gently drifting far-ther on each day; But I do not dread my voyage, For my
3. I am drifting down the stream of time, Gently near-ing now the gold - en gate. I am near - er to the por-tal, Where de-

Sav - ior guides my oar, As I'm drift-ing tow'rd the gold - en shore.
Sav - ior points the way, As I'm drift-ing far - ther on each day.
part-ed loved ones wait, There to en - ter thro' the gold - en gate.

Copyright, 1891, by A. BIRLEY. By per.

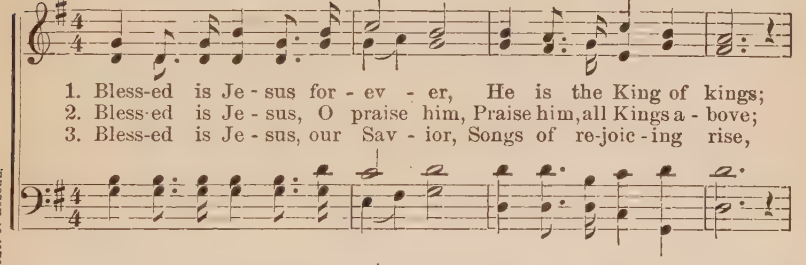
CHORUS.

I am drift - ing, gently drift-ing, I am drifting tow'rd the gold - en shore, But I do not heed the billows, For the golden shore;
I am drift-ing, gen - tly drift-ing on,




## No. 190. Blessed is the King of kings.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

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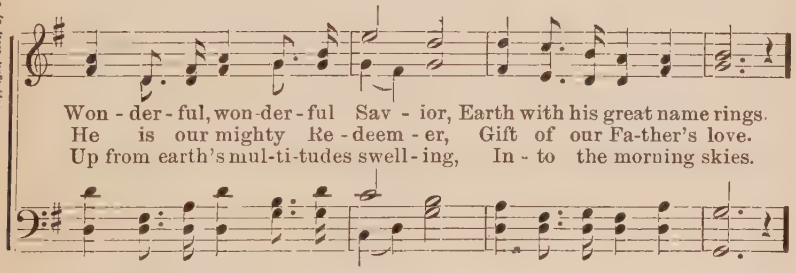
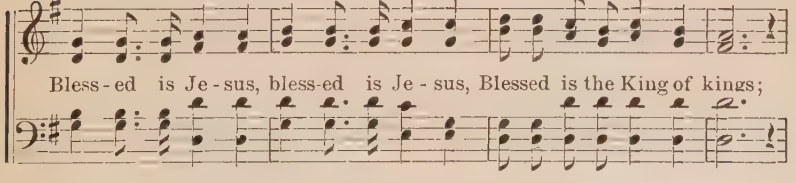
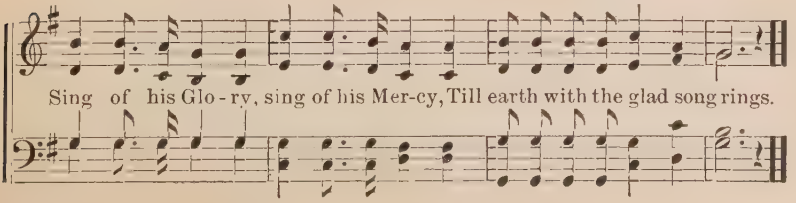



CHORUS.



# No. 191. I would Sing to You of Jesus.

O. S. G. O. S. GRINNELL. By per.

1. I would sing to you of Je-sus, And His power to ful - ly save—
2. I would sing to you of Je-sus, Of His heavenly love so free,
3. I would sing to you of Je-sus, Of His grace so full and free;

He who left His throne in glo - ry, For our souls a ran-som gave.
Of His wait-ing to be gra-cious, He who died on Cal - va - ry.
By this grace we live and conquer, For Christ gives the vic - to - ry.

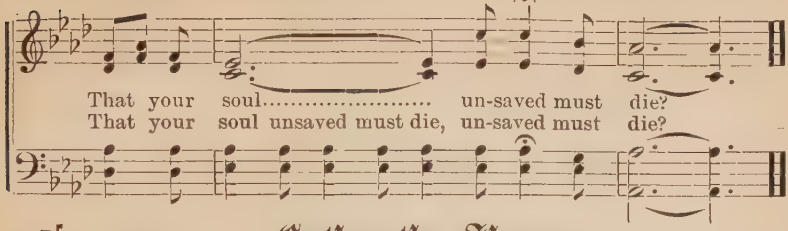
CHORUS.

Can it be..... your heart is har - den'd?
Can it be your heart is harden'd? Can it be your heart is harden'd?

Don't you feel..... His pres-ence nigh.....
Don't you feel His presence nigh, Don't you feel His presence nigh,

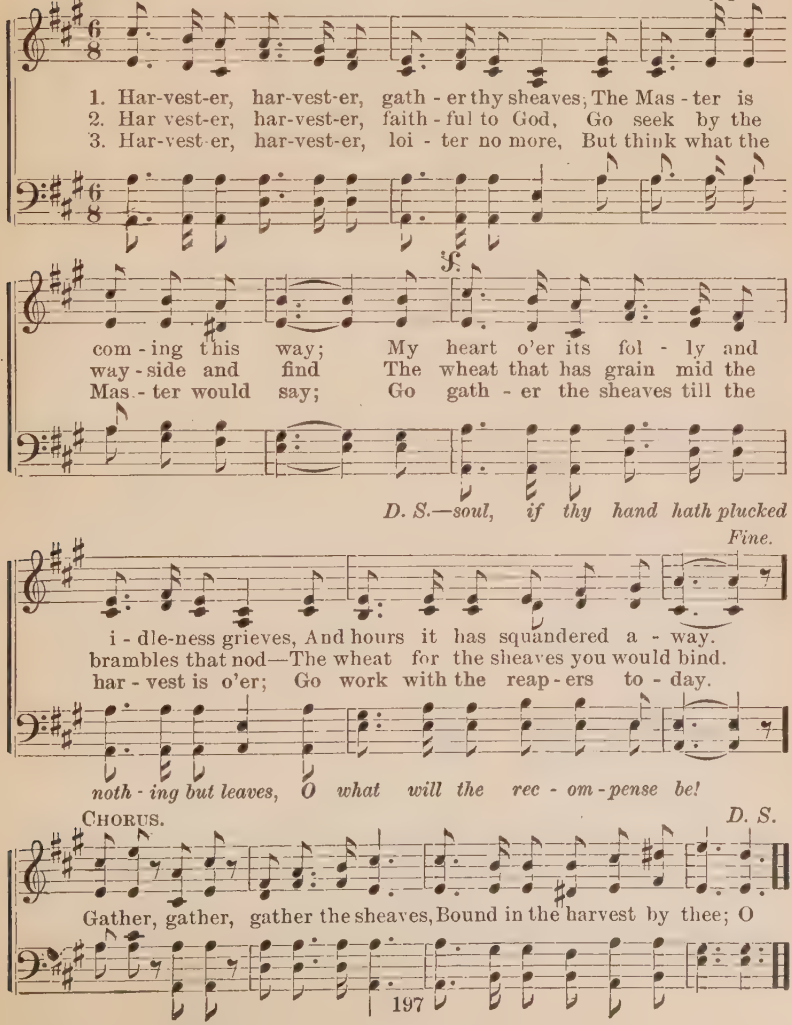
Whisp'ring soft - ly, tell - ing ev - er,
Whisp'ring soft - ly, tell - ing ev - er, Whisp'ring soft-ly, tell-ing ev - er

# I would Sing to You of Jesus—Concluded.




## No. 192. Gather the Sheaves.

EBEN E. REXFORD. S. W. STRAUB. By per.



# No. 193. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Miss M. A. Baker. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tempest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with anguish of Spir - it I bow to my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweetly rest;

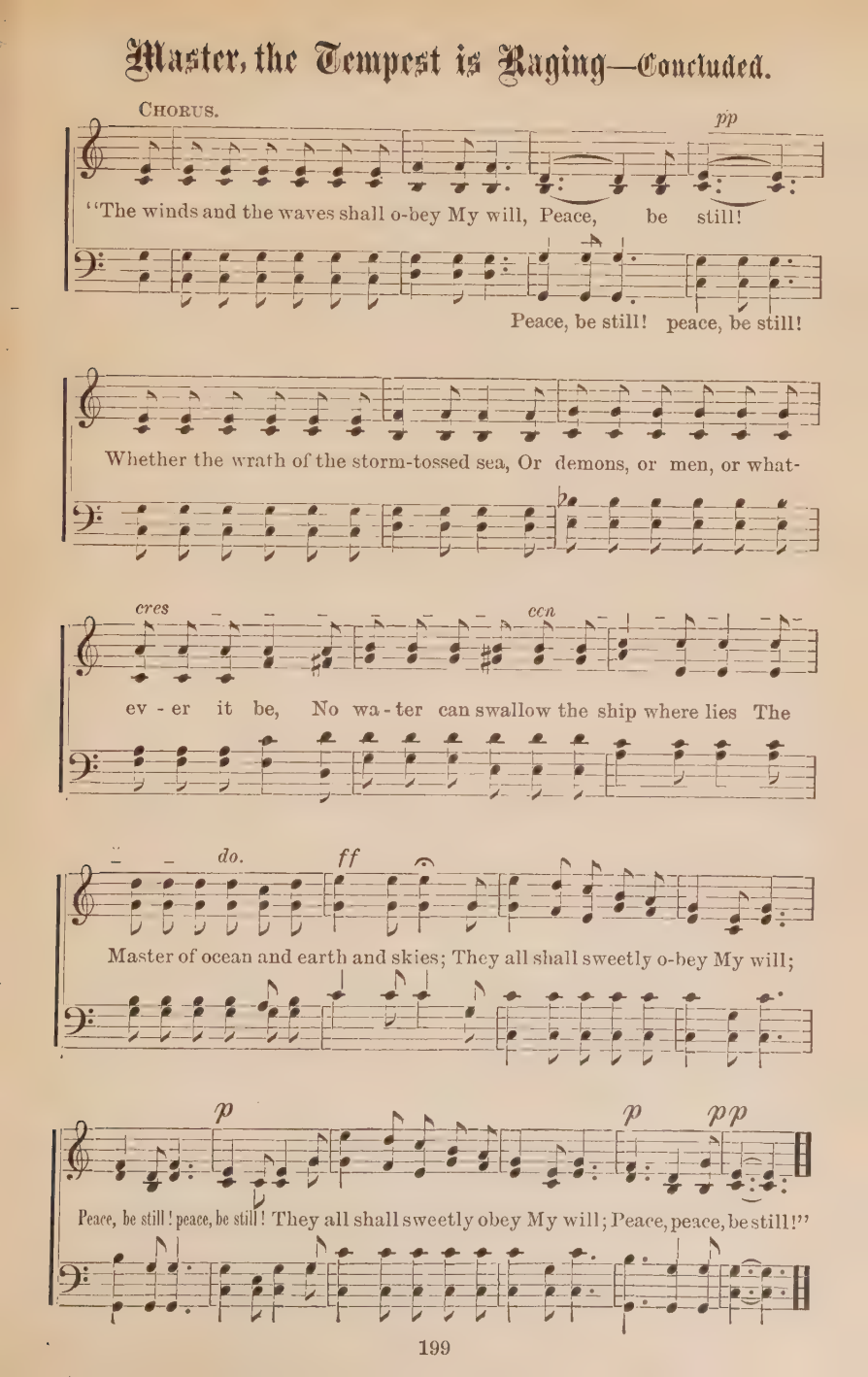
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;

Car - est thou not that we per-ish?,— How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re-deem - er; Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter; Oh, hasten, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

By per. of H. R. PALMER, owner of Copyright.

# Master, the Tempest is Raging—Concluded.



# No. 194. Jesus' Pow'r to Save.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

*Lively.*

1. Do you long for peace and pardon, Peace the world can nev - er give?
2. There's no need of smoking al - tars, Nor of bird, nor beast, to die!
3. Long fore-told, and long a-wait - ed, King of kings, He came to reign!

Par - don of your sins so ma - ny? Un - to Je - sus look, and live!
Christ, Him-self, for us was offer'd, That He might sal-va - tion buy!
Hark the glad and wondrous message Of the chant-ing an - gel train!

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That He might from bondage free us, He, him - self, an of-f'ring gave!
No high priest we need but Je - sus, Who can still each an - gry wave!
Pain and death for us He suffer'd, And He triumph'd o'er the grave!

Would you be an heir of Glo - ry? Trust to Je - sus' pow'r to save!
He's our might-y In - ter-ces - sor! Trust to Je - sus' pow'r to save!
Oh, my soul, o-bey and love Him! Trust to Je - sus' pow'r to save!

CHORUS. *Slower.*

Trust to Je - sus, trust to Je - sus, Who, Him-self, an off'ring gave!

# Jesus' Pow'r to Save—Concluded.

*Repeat Chorus pp.*

Trust to Je - sus, trust to Je - sus, Trust to Je - sus' pow'r to save!

# No. 195. That Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. JERMIMA LUKE. Old Melody.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his
3. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
4. In that beau-ti - ful place he has gone to prepare For

Je - sus was here among men, How he called lit - tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind
ask for a share in his love; And if I now earn - est - ly
all who are washed and forgiven: And man - y dear chil-dren are

lambs to his fold; I should like to have been with them then.
look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove:—
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heaven."

## No. 196. Come, thou almighty King.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might-y King, Help us thy name to sing,
2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
3. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais - es be,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther all glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-
In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more! His sov - reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
ev - ery heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of power!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

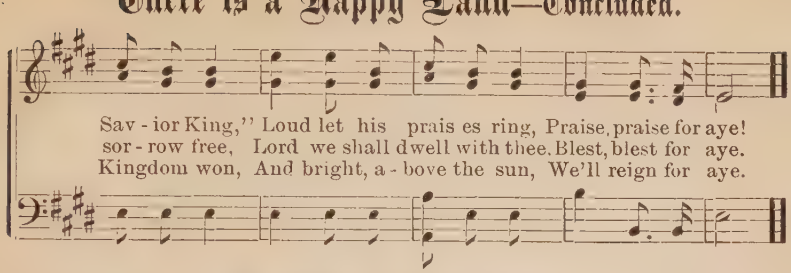
## No. 197. There is a Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG. Indian Air.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand,
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come away, Why will ye doubting stand,
3. Bright in that happy land, Beams ev'ry eye: Kept by a Father's hand,

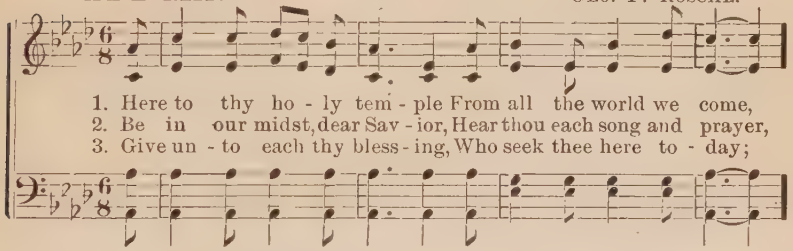
Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweetly sing. "Worthy is our
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When, from sin and
Love can-not die. Oh, then to glo - ry run; Be a crown and

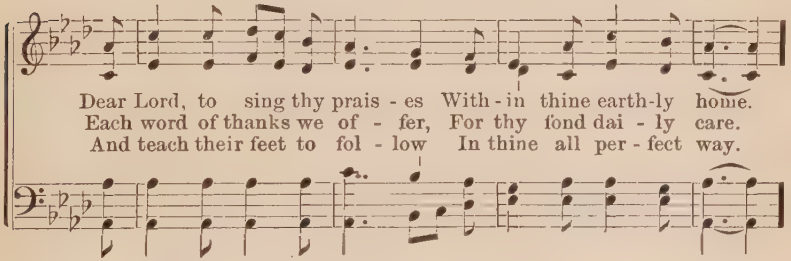
# There is a Happy Land—Concluded.




## No. 198. In Thy Holy Temple.

IDA L. REED. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

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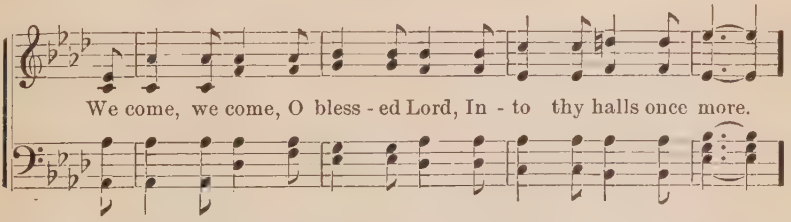


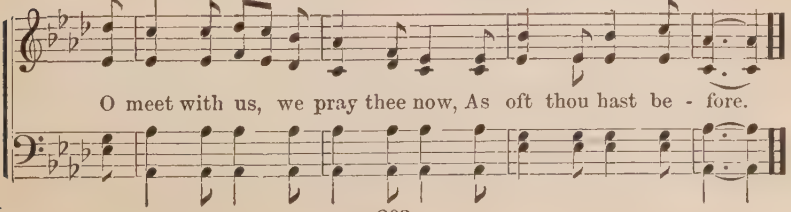

# No. 199. Ready for the Battle.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The arm-y of the Lord Is marching on its way, And love the
En-list-ed for their lives, They ask for no re-lease Un-til their
2. Their arm-or is all bright And burnished free from stains, On ev-ery
Their shields of faith protect From ev-ery doubt and fear; Their Cap-tain
3. Their weapons are not steel, They are the Spirit's sword, The mes-sage
And tho' they bat-tle long And fierce may be the strife; Each one shall

1 2

Lord of hosts, De-light-ing to o-bey,
lead-er Lord, *Omit.* } Bids all their warfare cease.
breast-plate fair True righteousness remains,
safe-ly leads, *Omit.* } For he is always near.
that they bear, Is Je-sus' liv-ing word;
bear at last. *Omit.* } A fadeless crown of life.

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CHORUS.

Al-ways rea-dy to bat-tle for the Lord, Always rea-dy
Always rea-dy they to

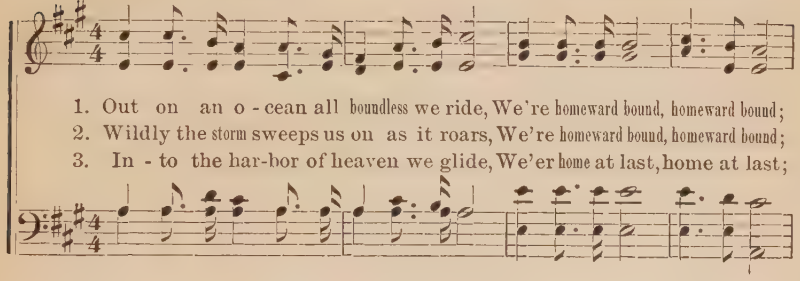
armed With Je-sus' liv-ing word, Al-ways rea-dy to
Always rea-dy they to

*rit.*

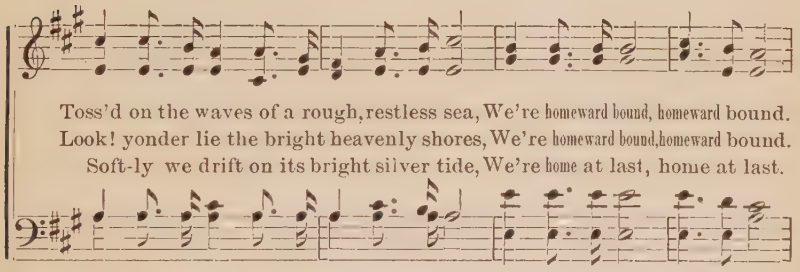
bat-tle for the Lord, Always rea-dy armed With Je-sus' liv-ing word.

# No. 200. Homeward Bound.

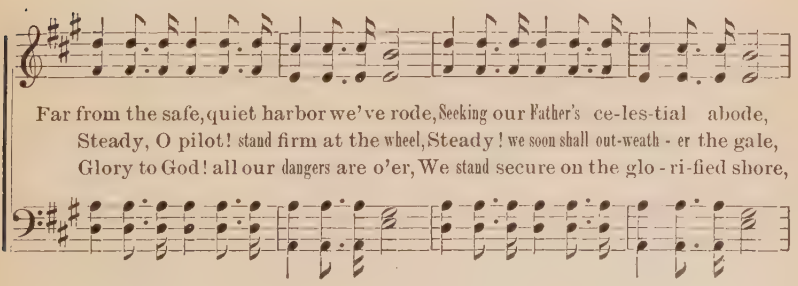
Rev. W. F. Warren. C. S. Harrington.



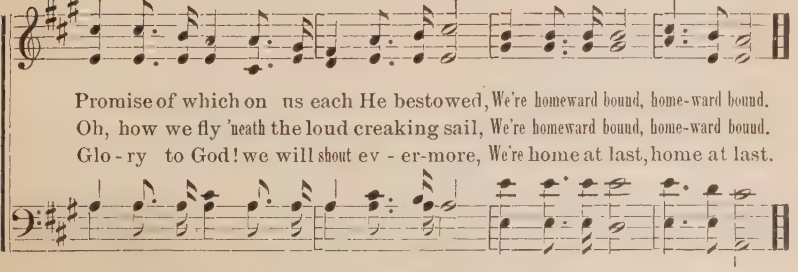
1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
3. In - to the har-bor of heaven we glide, We'er home at last, home at last;



Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless sea, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Soft-ly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last, home at last.



Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce-les-tial abode,
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall out-weath - er the gale,
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glo - ri-fied shore,



Promise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, home-ward bound.
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, home-ward bound.
Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er-more, We're home at last, home at last.

# No. 201. Our Hearts We Bring to Jesus.

LAURA E. NEWELL. E. M. HERNDON.

1. Our hearts we bring to Je - sus, In life's fair spring we come
2. We may not know the dis - tance That we may have to go,
3. Our hearts we bring to Je - sus, Safe in his fold we rest,

With fer-vent con - se - cra - tion, To Christ who'd lead us home.
Ere we shall reach his pal - ace Where heav'nly fountains flow.
Where'er our Sav - ior leads us, We feel he know-eth best.

While moments teem with brightness, No doubts nor fears a - rise.
But we will serve him glad - ly Un - til the day is done;
And from life's joy - ous morn - ing Un - til the days de - cline,

Our hearts we bring to Je - sus, The Lord of earth and skies.
And then go home re - joic - ing, The fi - nal vic - t'ry won.
We'll glad - ly fol - low Je - sus Our bless - ed guide di - vine.

CHORUS.

Our hearts we bring to Je - sus, Who died that we may live.

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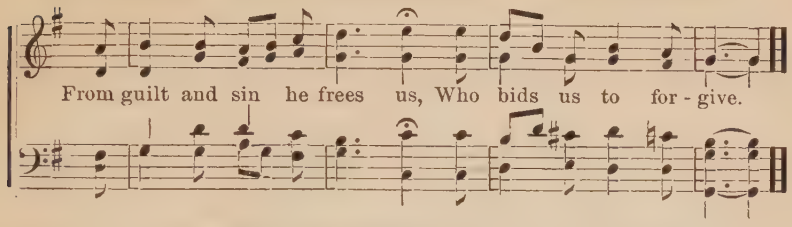
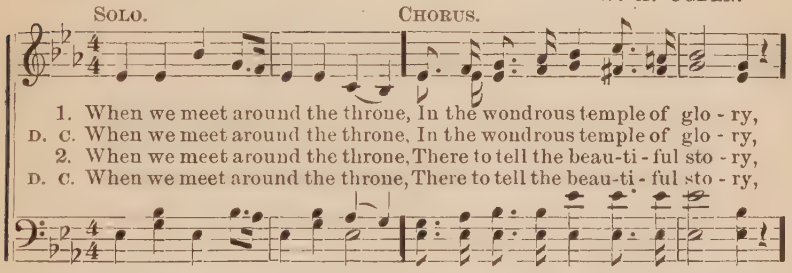
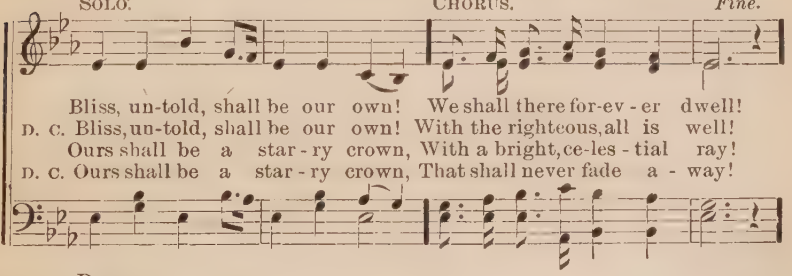
# Our Hearts We Bring to Jesus.—Concluded.




# No. 202. When We Meet Around the Throne.

E. R. LATTA. W. A. OGDEN.

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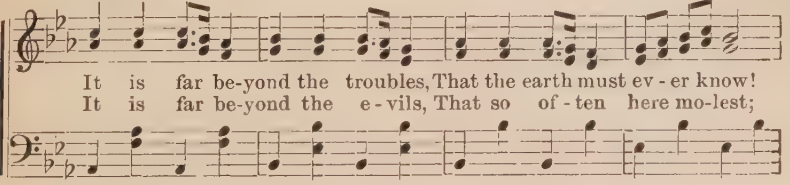


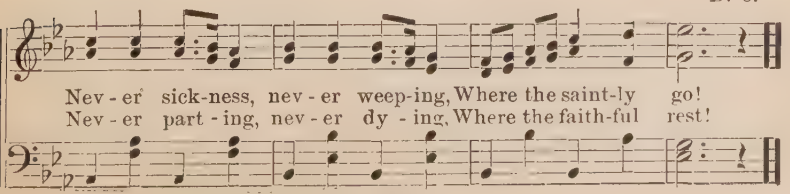

# No. 203. He Keepeth Me, Ever.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. He keepeth me, ev - er, Where'er be the place! I've on - ly to
2. He keepeth me, ev - er, With ten-der-est care! I've on - ly to
3. He keepeth me, ev - er, From yielding to dread; Though darkness be

ask it— Most won-der - ful grace! Though sor - est temp-ta - tions,
ask Him My burdens to bear! A word of His prom - ise,
round me, And clouds o - ver - head! He still-eth my doubtings,

My Spir - it may try, I know my Re - deem - er
He nev - er will break! Who - ev - er may leave me,
He light - ens my grief! I've on - ly to trust Him—

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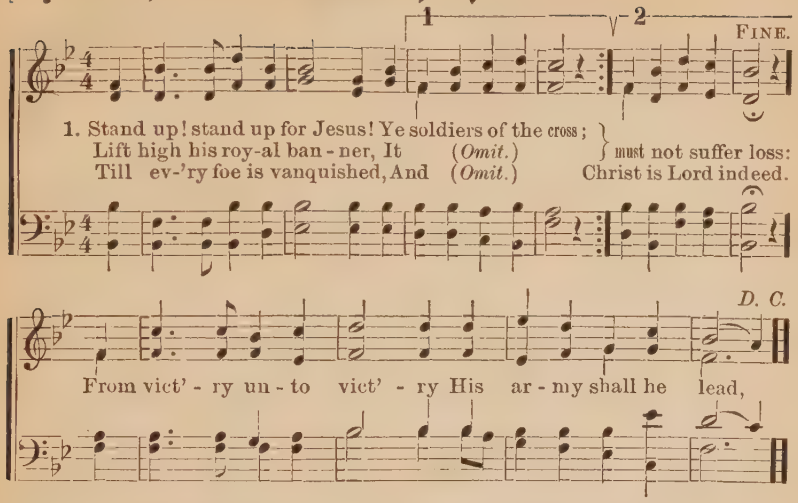
CHORUS.

Will ev - er be nigh! He keepeth me, ev - er! His love endeth
He ne'er will for - sake!
He'll give me re - lief!

nev - er! From Him, naught shall sev - er! He keep-eth my soul!

## No. 204. Webb. 7. & 6.




2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

## No. 205.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay,
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

## No. 206.

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

## No. 207. Lenox. L. M.

EDSON.

1. A-rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding sac-ri-
2. He ev-er lives a - bove; For me to in-ter-cede, His all-redeeming
3. My God is re-con-ciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for his

fice In my be-half appears; Be-fore the throne my Surety stands, Be-
love, His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, His
child; I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh, With

fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.
blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
con - fi-dence I now draw nigh, And Father, Ab-ba, Fa - ther, cry.

## No. 208.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## No. 209.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord! make these moments blessed,
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

## No. 210.

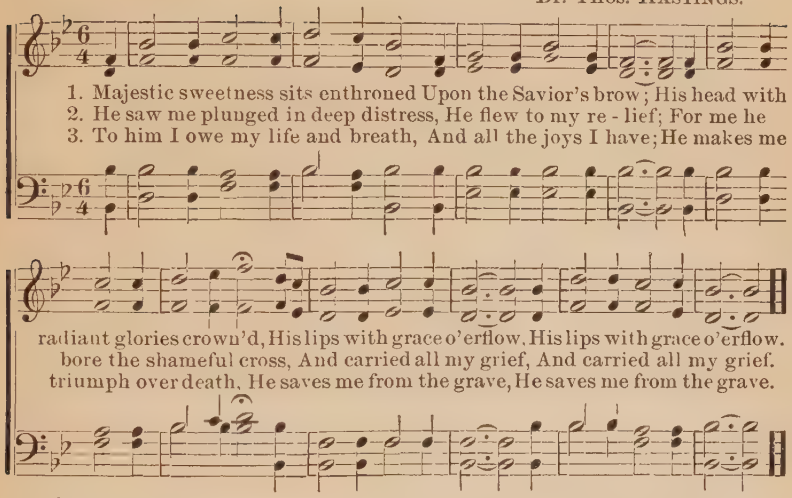
1 Rejoice! the Lord is King—
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

## No. 211 Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. Thos. Hastings.




### No. 212.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

### No. 213.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

### No. 214.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

2 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

### No. 215.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

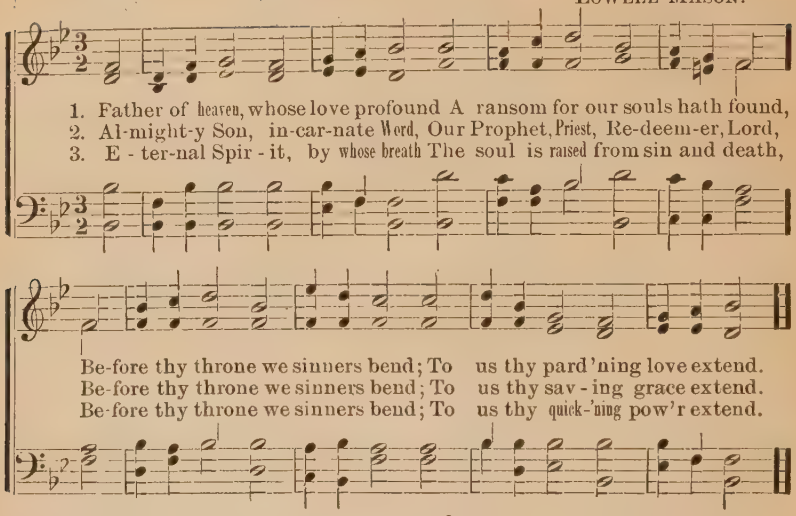
### No. 216.

1 There is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear—
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust, and not to fear.

## No. 217. Hebron. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.




### No. 218.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed

3 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

### No. 219.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, all.

### No. 220.

1 Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Son of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

### No. 221.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?

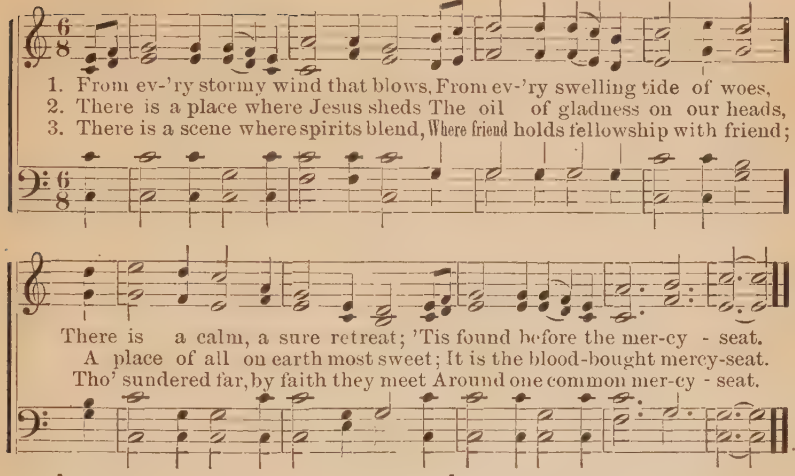
2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal,—"Behold! I come!"

## No. 222. Retreat. L. M.

Dr. Thos. Hastings.




### No. 223.

1 Oh, that I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Savior's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

### No. 224.

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

### No. 225.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne
This fair, but transient world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want, I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

### No. 226.

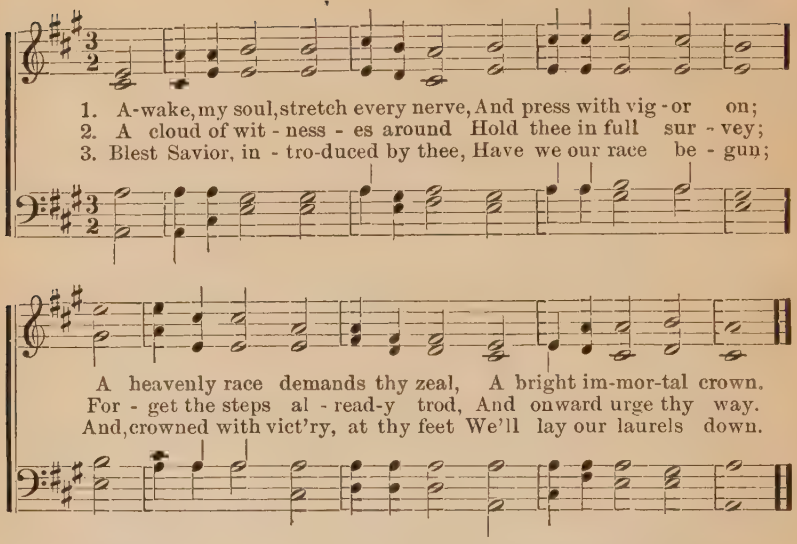
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

## No. 227. Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.




## No. 228.

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

## No. 229.

1 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice today;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4 O Savior, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

## No. 230.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

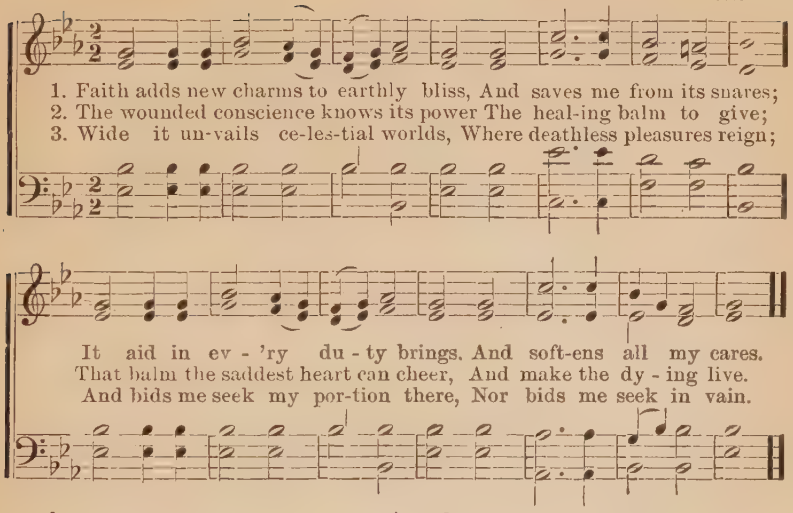
## No. 231.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I not receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

## No. 232. Naomi. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.




## No. 233.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;—

4 When love, in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glows!

## No. 234.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessing of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

## No. 235.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts in every woe
Still say, "Thy will be done."

## No. 236.

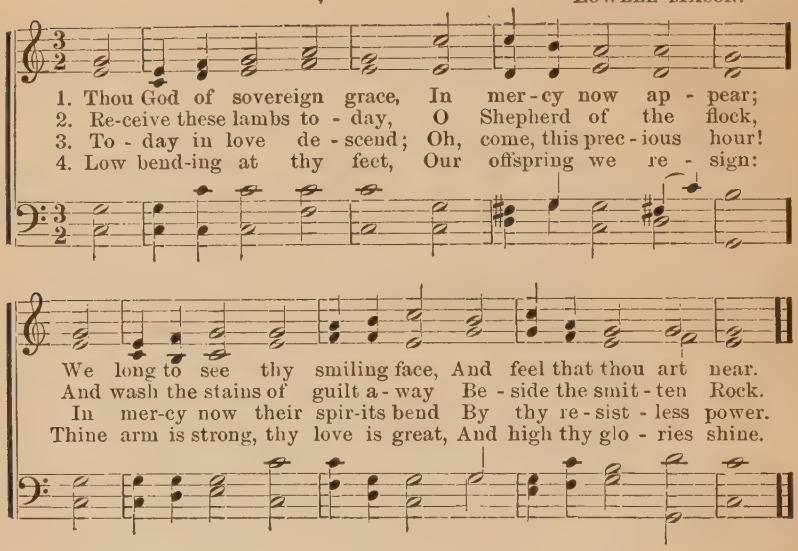
1 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire—
This one great gift impart—
What most I need—and most desire:
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven;
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain,
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself, grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free,
In all the Christian graces grow
And live alone to thee.

## No. 237. Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.




### No. 238.

1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

### No. 239.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

### No. 240.

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

### No. 241.

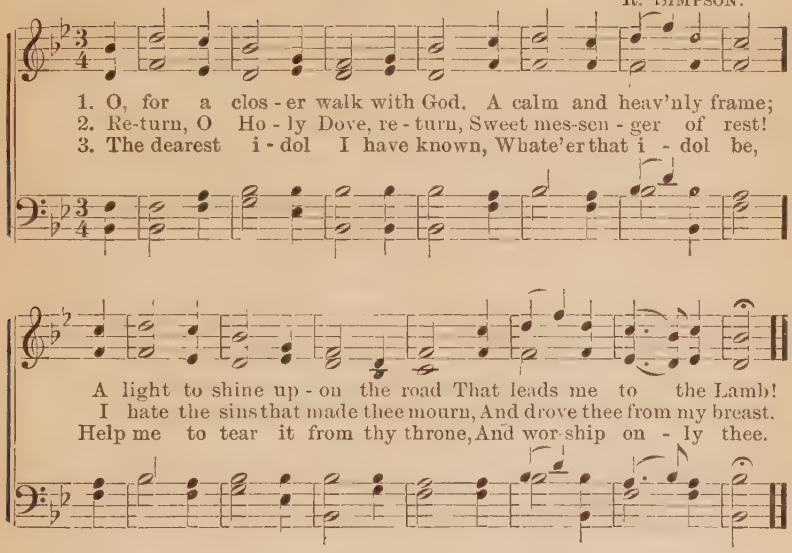
1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years:
And all that life is love.

## No. 242. Baterma. C. M.

R. Simpson.




## No. 243.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.

3 Lord, give us such a faith as this!
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

## No. 244.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

## 245.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

## No. 246.

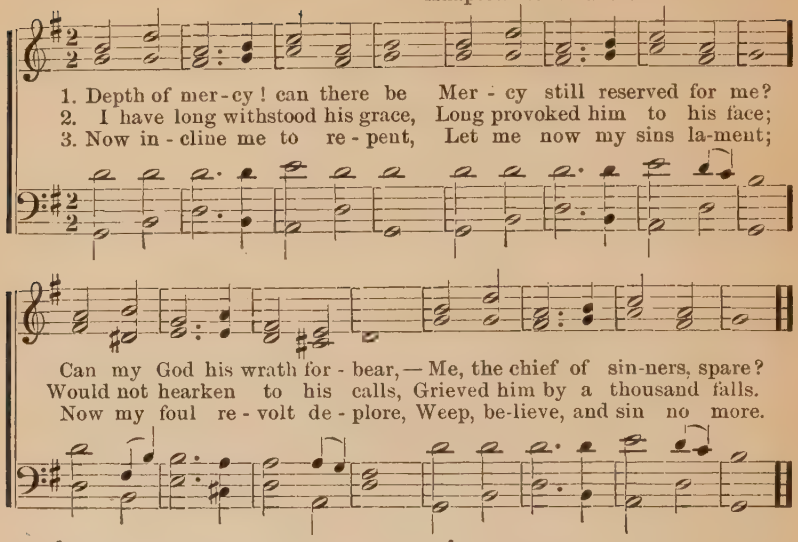
1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

## No. 247. Pleyel. 7s.

Adapted from IGNACE PLEYEL.




## No. 248.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

## No. 249.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

## No. 250.

1 Savior, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

## No. 251.

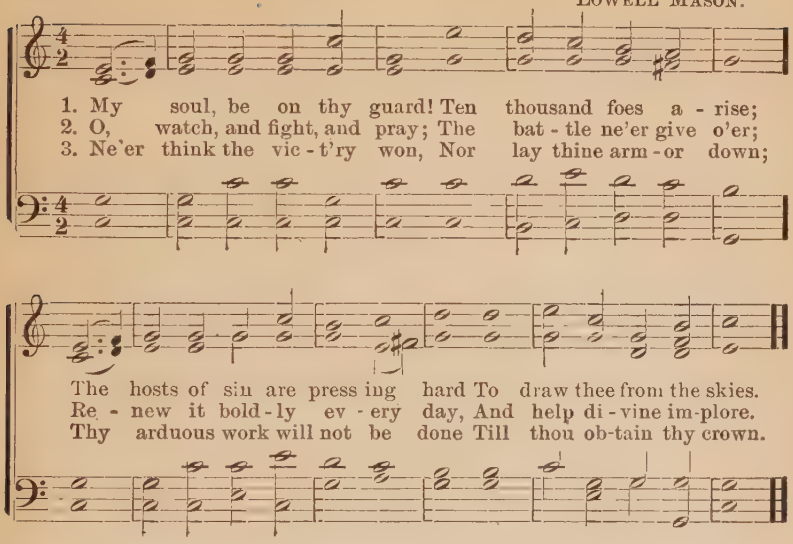
1 Children of the heavenly King.
As we journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and bless'd
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

# No. 252. Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.




## No. 253.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

## No. 254.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O, give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

## No. 255.

1 O, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in [blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

## No. 256.

1 Once more, before we part,
O, bless the Savior's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

## No. 257. Zion. 8, 7 & 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, } Mourning
Welcome news to Zi-on bearing, Zi-on long in hostile lands;

captive! God himself shall loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

## No. 258.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

## No. 259.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

## No. 260.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us!
Traveling through the wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

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